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# Together®

MAY 1969

IN THIS ISSUE

- The Catholic Reformation
- Should You Be a Working Mother?
- The Down and Up of Life



Right new church architecture [see pages 34-43]





Worshippers marvel at the 20 colorful windows, the handiwork of a Congolese artist, James Kafusha, out of liquid plastic. Behind the pulpit where Bishop Jo Wesley Shungu stands is a wall studded with green blocks of copper ore, and the railing below the pulpit features old X-shape copper crosses once used by tribal men to buy wives. The altar engraving (right) was signed by Lorene Bartlett, daughter of the missionary.





# *New Church in the Congo...*

## *Art Makes It Sparkle*

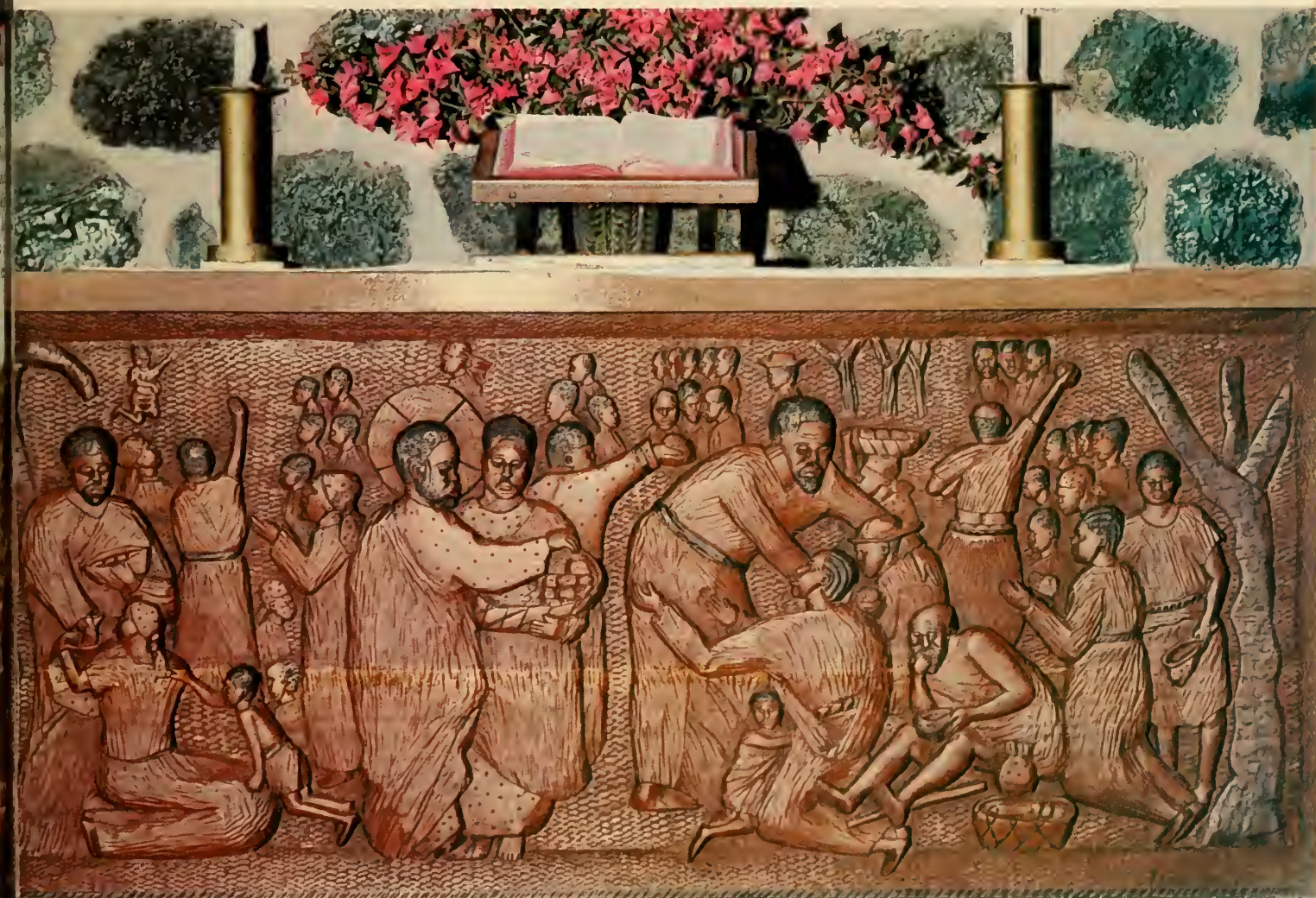
THE MULUNGWISHI, a small stream threading high bush country in central Africa, flows past a new church at the Springer Institute, United Methodism's mission station in southern Congo. Rich in Congolese religious art, unique in design, the church culminates 20 years of planning and dreaming, largely on the part of the Rev. Elwood Bartlett, a missionary-preacher-teacher now on U.S. furlough.

American Methodists raised most of the money—some \$23,000—but Congolese laborers and artisans provided the imagination and resourcefulness to erect a building that otherwise could hardly be duplicated for twice the cost. [For what United Methodists in the U.S. are doing in economical and imaginative church building, see page 34.] Striking wood carvings

on the doors by three Congolese brothers illustrate biblical scenes, as do radiant windows (not stained glass, but fashioned by another Congolese artist using a new process) that glow above an auditorium seating 800.

As a place of worship for the people of more than 20 tribes who study and work at the institute, Mulungwishi student church symbolizes the permanence of a Christian witness that continued with few interruptions, even when the Congo exploded in furious conflict. And when the new church was dedicated last June, those in attendance included Americans, Europeans, and tribespeople alike. "Never," says Mr. Bartlett, "have I seen such enthusiasm, excitement, and pride as our Congolese people showed that day."

—HERMAN B. TEETER





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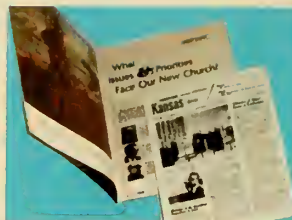
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# Together / May 1969

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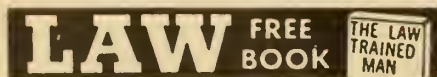
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## JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 3)

modern brick structure which last year underwent ambitious additions.

Time was, we knew what to expect when we stepped into a church sanctuary on a weekday: a sort of reverent hush, a meditative gloom, carpeted aisles, curved oak benches, the musty but not unpleasant aroma of old hymnals, a dim perspective centering attention on the pulpit, and—even in the silence—a sense of thunderous sermons preached here.

These churches, relics of other days, still abound in our land. But eventually many will be replaced by late 20th-century architectural styles, by bright new houses of worship similar to those pictured in a series of color pictures in this issue. No longer do new churches squat in piles of masonry, no longer do their sanctuaries languish in hushed, timeless gloom. The new churches soar and sing, it seems to us, whether in the semi-silhouette of a United Methodist Church in Malibu, Calif. [this month's cover], or in the indigenous art of a new student church at a mission station in the far-off Congo [inside front cover], or in the variety of bright new architectural designs depicted in this month's center color section. None of these churches cost a million, either!

Speaking of the Congo church reminds us of an observation most all journalists, religious or secular, make early in their careers: There are "stories" within stories, and stories behind stories, and stories that wander out of others and take off in all directions. As a result, a writer sometimes strays from his theme.

For example: Researching material on the Mulungwishi church, we were fascinated by the story behind the windows that look like stained glass to the casual observer but aren't stained glass at all. They were done by a Congolese artist, using a new process imported from Holland, under the supervision of Miss Marjorie Murray, a missionary-artist from Canada. The skill of the artist, Laban Kafusha, a relative amateur when he began, improved so rapidly that when he had completed the 20 windows, he went back to redo many of his earlier ones. His prize work in the Mulungwishi church is a 12-foot cross design which tells the biblical story of the creation.

And it wasn't easy to stick to our knitting when we talked to Dr. Dewey M. Beegle about his search for the ruins of Cokesbury College [see page 58]. Here we were interviewing a man who has excavated in the Holy Land—at such places as Heshbon, Old Testament stronghold of Sihon, king of the Amorites, the first principal city conquered by the Israelites under Moses; and at Shechem, where Jesus talked to the woman at the well, where Abraham camped centuries before.

At Heshbon, Dr. Beegle's team dug down through Arab layers of earth into

Byzantine and Roman times; they found the headless skeleton of a large cat, probably a lynx; then went on down past a defense wall through Iron Age into Hebrew times and the ground where Moses walked thousands of years ago.



Dr. Beegle



Dr. Baker

For some reason this issue enjoys an unusually large "run" of educators among our contributors, including a high-school dropout who went back to school to earn a Ph.D. in the field of family life and human development.

Dr. Luther G. Baker, Jr., author of *Should You Be a Working Mother?* [page 52], professor at Central Washington State College, and a United Methodist minister, has this to say:

"Upon completing the ninth grade, the exciting, enticing world beckoned to adventure, and the next seven years roamed and worked throughout the West and Midwest. It was an invaluable education," he adds, but doesn't recommend anyone's dropping out of school these days. He believes, however, "that my own lack of stable family life in the growing-up years" accounts for his career interest in family problems.

Another representative of the academic world is Walter W. Benjamin [see *The Roman Catholic Reformation*, page 44], chairman of the religion department at Hamline University. It is a little surprising, perhaps, that his hobbies take him far from the classroom.

"Perhaps my most memorable experience, considering my vocation, was a big-game hunt in Alaska," says the author, also a Ph.D. "I secured a moose (with an antler spread eight inches under the world's record), caribou, Dall ram, and grizzly bear." Besides this, Dr. Benjamin lists fishing, tennis, and skiing among his hobbies.

—Your Editors

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# She Needs You...

She needs you to love her. Little Lin Tai has just been abandoned at our Pine Hill Babies Home in Hong Kong. Police doubt her parents or relatives will ever be found. So we must find an American sponsor for her.

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**Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?** A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

**Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me?** A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

**Q. May I write to my child?** A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

**Q. How long has CCF been helping children?**  
A. Since 1938.

**Q. What help does the child receive from my support?**  
A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

**Q. Are all the children in orphanages?** A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

**Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas?**  
A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

**Q. Who owns and operates CCF?** A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF co-operates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

**Q. Who supervises the work overseas?** A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

**Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors?**  
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# BIAFRA!

## A Tragedy in Progress

*The Church in Action / Starvation Is the Enemy*

**K**WASHIORKOR—a protein-deficiency disease that gives children the faces of little old men, and then kills them—rules the tiny African secessionist nation of Biafra. When Americans first became aware of this problem in Biafra, it seemed simple. Children were starving; someone would feed them, and they would get well. But no aspect of the Biafra problem is that simple.

A good example is the enigma of how it all started. Why would Biafra, the small Eastern Region of Nigeria, wish to break away from one of the richest, largest, and most populous newly independent countries in Africa?

One reason may be that Nigeria never really existed except in the minds of the British who ruled there until 1960. Beginning around 1900, the rulers drew arbitrary boundaries which eventually encircled over 250 tribes—people who spoke some 400 languages and dialects. Even today, few Nigerians consider themselves citizens of

Nigeria, but rather members of a particular tribe, and tribal rivalries are deep.

The Ibo tribe of the Eastern Region lacks a strong tradition, and therefore is more open to Western culture than other tribes.

Many Ibos are Christians. Unlike some other African tribes, they do not judge people by the reputation of their ancestors, but stress personal achievement, especially in education. They are hard working, thrifty, competitive, proud, and have a tendency to be clannish.

Although only about 7 million among Nigeria's total population of near 60 million, the Ibos held many important posts in the professions, the army, the police department, railroads, and private enterprise. This was particularly true in the north, the dominant area of the country.

The government, however, was firmly in the hands of





*The insides of the airlift planes are gutted so that every inch of space can be filled with food and medical supplies, and the pilots are highly paid mercenaries who receive a danger bonus for each flight they make. At feeding stations all over Biafra once-proud Ibos wait, sometimes beg, for food. Feedings must take place during the early morning when there is less chance of a bombing raid.*





the Northerners. In 1964 people from other regions demanded free elections. There was strong evidence that one of these elections was rigged, however, and violent rioting soon broke out.

Playing on the confusion, a group of Ibo senior army officers gained government control. Many of them used their new power to promote fellow tribesmen in civilian as well as military posts.

Fearing a complete takeover by the Ibos, Northerners staged a counter-coup. In the violence that followed, Ibos were decapitated, dismembered, gouged, emaseculated, and burned alive. Even when the Ibos attempted to return to their tribal homeland—the oil-rich Eastern section—bands of Northerners sought them out in airports, train stations, and on the roads. Some say that 30,000 Ibos were killed. On May 30, 1967, Biafra proclaimed its independence.

### **Blockade Causes Starvation**

Most observers thought the war would be short. It has lasted two years, and no end is in sight. During most of that time Biafra's only seaport has been blockaded by Nigeria. Biafrans, who have always depended on imported supplies of protein foods, once starved in numbers estimated as high as 6,000 a day, many more than were dying in combat.

Although Nigeria has said that it will allow food to come in overland, the Biafrans fear that their enemies are bent on complete genocide and will poison the food. They will eat only food that has been flown in and has not been inspected by federal troops. The Nigerians, on the other hand, fear that supplies brought in by air or sea will contain more weapons than protein supplements.

And so it was that kwashiorkor took over in Biafra, and a relief system, sometimes more complex than the war, was set up by charitable organizations, churches, and governments.

Every night planes carrying supplies from church agencies take off from the Portuguese island of Sao Tomé, 165 miles off the coast, and fly to "Airstrip Annabelle" in Biafra. Also heading into this airstrip are International Red Cross relief planes from the island of Cotonou, a possession of Dahomey, and French aircraft carrying guns and ammunition for the Biafrans. The Nigerians fire on them all. They are not well equipped for nighttime anti-aircraft battles, however, so only a few planes have been downed. (The food and medicine as well as the weapons are flown in by mercenaries who care little which side they work for.)

Gifts from United Methodists are



*Biafrans have always had to rely on other regions for protein foods. Locally grown yams, which have kept them from total starvation, will be scarce next year. Most of the seeds have already been used for food.*

channeled by the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief to Church World Service, relief arm of the National Council of Churches. Last fall the committee allocated large sums in emergency aid for victims on both sides of the conflict, and began a concentrated program to increase that aid.

### **Airlift Lowers Death Toll**

At most, 240 tons of supplies reach Biafra in a night. In 1948 and 1949, by comparison, the U.S. government airlifted 8,000 tons of food a day to feed fewer people in West Berlin. But even at this rate, missionaries report that the death rate from kwashiorkor is down to a few hundred a day.

Lack of co-ordination among church and charitable agencies, and between these agencies and the International Red Cross, has caused many foul-ups in the Biafran aid program.

In New York, people left food on the steps of churches, and an independent relief service sent it to Biafra. The cargo included chocolate mousse, ravioli, pickles, and barbecue sauce.

Usable food is distributed at large feeding stations. Many are maintained by the Irish Holy Ghost Fathers, who supervised many primary and secondary schools before the war. One priest complained that he could provide only a small meal for his people every other day. In between, the Biafrans eat yams for carbohydrates, and bats, lizards, and insects for proteins.

Even though the death rate from kwashiorkor is down, three new problems must be faced by Biafra. The supply of locally grown yams is dangerously low and, in the absence of other foods, even the seeds have been eaten. Soon Biafrans may be dying not only from protein starvation but also from total starvation.

Next year is expected to bring a measles epidemic to Biafra unless vaccine being brought in by the Red Cross eliminates this problem.

The third problem will not be so easily avoided. Even those who survive will show the effects of long-term protein deficiency. Extensive brain and kidney damage is almost inevitable, though in some cases it may not show up for 10 or 15 years.

### **Why Does War Go On?**

Many complex reasons are given for the prolonged war between Nigeria and Biafra. Some say that if France would stop supplying arms and ammunition to Biafra, and if England and Russia would stop aiding Nigeria, the conflict would end. Others believe that intervention from the United States or the United Nations is the answer.

The question of genocide is an essential one. U.N. observers recently reported that there is no indication that Nigeria is intentionally trying to eliminate the Ibo tribe, but there is little doubt that the blockade causing mass starvation is an important



weapon. The Biafran head of state has been accused of using the starvation of Ibo children to sway world opinion. He refuses to meet Nigeria's terms which would lessen restrictions on bringing food into the area.

No matter how these diplomatic questions are solved, the scars of war will be visible on the face of Biafra for many years. Missionaries who have worked with the clever Ibo people still believe that their ingenuity will overcome all obstacles. One Irish priest told a reporter, "Remember now, however this thing is settled militarily, somehow, somewhere, something called Biafra will continue to exist."  
—MARY FINNERAN

### University Christian Movement: What Comes After Death?

The headstone will read:

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT  
SEPTEMBER 1966-JUNE 1969

The question will remain, though: Why did this most ecumenical structure in nearly a century of Christian student organizations fail?

UCM's 53-member general committee voted overwhelmingly March 1 that the structure should die June 30, 1969. Its general secretary, the Rev. Paul Schradig, is a United Methodist. Two of its three presidents have been United Methodists. The Uniting Conference of 1968 recognized UCM as the "national expression of an intercollegiate Christian movement," and United Methodism had budgeted \$40,850 of UCM's expected \$150,000 income for this year.

Dr. Eugene A. Ransom, director of the Board of Education's Campus Ministry Department, said many who had worked to develop UCM were shocked when they learned of the vote. He said his staff is recommending a "wait and see" position regarding UCM, and he foresaw local units demanding some form of national organization to link themselves. Dr. Ransom also said he hoped the UCM action would not "spur the revival of old structures such as the Methodist Student Movement (MSM) until we see what comes from the grass roots."

MSM and UCM planned to merge in June. The larger body was the nation's first formal link between Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox student groups.

UCM's death leaves local and regional student work going on under ecumenical or denominational auspices. Also remaining is United Ministries in Higher Education, an agency serving nine denominations' campus ministers.

One analysis noted that UCM was

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conceived as a movement, rather than an organization, to involve the entire academic community. One incentive for its founding was that church-sponsored campus groups had been losing impetus and numbers for years.

Mr. Schrading said the decision to disband UCM was "an honest one. . . . The UCM was becoming a national organization more and more called upon to serve as a co-ordinating agency for affiliated groups. Grass-roots incentive and programming had been the goal, with a minimum of directives coming from top echelons, and this goal remained unfulfilled."

He added, "Any successor agency must be built up from local levels or regions if it is to meet the problems of society."

A statement from United Methodism's campus-ministry staff said *motive* magazine would continue to be published by the Board of Education as UCM's official magazine. The statement emphasized that the university Christian movement still exists; "only the national structure is terminated."

### Court Favors Denomination In Property Dispute

United Methodist Church ownership of its congregations' properties was upheld recently by the South Carolina Supreme Court.

The court ruled that a seceding congregation in Jamison, S.C., was not entitled to take its property when it became aligned with the Southern Methodist Church, a denomination of about 50 congregations which rejected the 1939 reunification of Methodism.

Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., and other South Carolina Annual Conference officers brought the suit on grounds that the property belonged to The United Methodist Church and not to the organization with which the congregation became affiliated.

### Church Bodies Support Broadcast 'Fairness'

Two sections of the Federal Communications Commission's "fairness doctrine" are being supported in U.S. Supreme Court hearings by two United Methodist agencies.

The Board of Missions National Division and the Board of Christian Social Concerns are among nine religious agencies supporting the rules, attacked in two separate cases.

One rule requires stations to provide time for response to persons attacked on the air during discussion of controversial issues. The other rule requires "reasonable opportunity" for political candidates to respond to television and radio editorials.

## PROTESTS MUDDY ECUMENICAL WATERS

The ecumenical climate couldn't have been better as the world's newest and one of its most broadly representative Christian coalitions—the Texas Conference of Churches—was constituted in colorful ceremonies February 24-25 in Austin, Texas.

But in the midst of all the ecumenical hoopla stood 70 Mexican-American men, women, and children from Texas' Rio Grande Valley, wondering if the "new day" the ecumenists were celebrating would mean a new day in ministry with them.

Their wonderment was not without cause. A month earlier officials of the Texas Council of Churches, one of the new conference's constituting agencies, took three actions which put the direction of a two-year-old ministry among valley-based Mexican-Americans in serious question. Council officials:

- Fired the Rev. Edgar A. Krueger, of the five-member Valley Team Ministry which conducts a "ministry of presence" among "the poor, the powerless, the dispossessed."
- Cancelled sponsorship of a highly controversial VISTA "minority mobilization" project, but later agreed to continue when regional Office of Economic Opportunity leaders gave them complete authority over personnel, program, and policy.
- Set in motion plans to withdraw a lawsuit filed against the Texas Rangers on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Krueger who, it was charged, were falsely arrested and whose civil rights allegedly were violated during 1967 farm-labor demonstrations.

Both Dr. Harold Kilpatrick, executive secretary of the Texas Council of Churches, and United Methodist Bishop W. Kenneth Pope of Dallas-

Fort Worth, council president the past year, offered explanations of the actions taken in late January as the council prepared to enter into the broader-based coalition. (The Texas Conference of Churches includes the 10 dioceses of the Texas Catholic Conference, the statewide Greek Orthodox diocese, and 16 Protestant groups. Bishop Pope is its first president).

Dr. Kilpatrick, stating that the basic issue was "the role of the church in social change," said: "Our biggest mistake in the Valley Ministry was failure to relate to and enlist the help of those most able to effect social change in the valley—our own brethren in the churches of the area, both Anglo and Mexican-American. . . . It was also shortsighted to assume that important social goals could be achieved not by sitting down with church, governmental, and civic leaders to plan joint efforts but to plot against the so-called power structure. This dichotomy of policy became the crucial issue that resulted in a change in our valley staff."

Bishop Pope told delegates that the actions were taken to "clean the slate for a new day with the Texas Conference of Churches so it can have the fullest freedom." He said dismissal of Mr. Krueger was made necessary by his breach of responsibility to the council, both in attitude and conduct. However, added Bishop Pope, this does not reflect a lack of interest in Mexican-Americans.

"Let me make it perfectly clear," Bishop Pope said, "we are not abandoning the Mexican-Americans of the Rio Grande Valley. We have done a good deal in the past, but not enough. We will do more in the future especially in the area of helping the poor to help themselves."

Demonstrators, in a statement distributed to some 300 conference delegates, said, "We have been betrayed three times by this church organization which claims to want to 'help' the poor but whose actions show that it lines up completely with the status quo."

"We protest the recent decisions made by the Texas Council of Churches, and we warn the new Texas Conference of Churches that Mexican-Americans will no longer be content with decisions made *for* them," the placard-carrying demonstrators said. "We insist upon an influential voice in matters that affect us. We will no longer tolerate paternalistic 'solutions' as a cure to the problems

### APOLLO 8 STAMP HAS BIBLE PHRASE

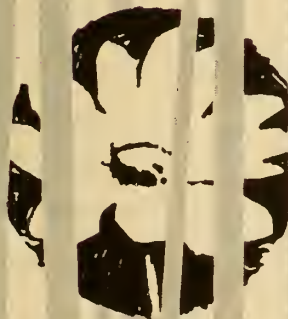
A revised stamp honoring the Apollo 8 flight and including the words, "In the beginning God . . ." will be issued May 5 from space center headquarters at Houston, Texas.

Originally the stamp was to show the earth from a lunar position with the simple designation, "Apollo 8."

But Postmaster General Win-ton N. Blount ordered the Bible phrase, read by Apollo 8 astronauts, included following what he called numerous requests from across the nation.



# SPRING MEDLEY



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of our society" (the Texas valley).

The Valley Team Ministry, conducted in four Rio Grande Valley counties which rank among the nation's lowest in per capita income, was begun in March, 1967, during a prolonged strike against growers in the area. The ministry—conducted single-handedly by Mr. Krueger and his Mexican-born wife until February, 1968—resulted in formation of some 35 community organizations in the poor rural communities that dot the valley landscape.

Reynaldo de la Cruz, chief spokesman for demonstrators at the ecumenical gathering, told delegates in a brief address that "the Ranger suit was the one thing we had going for us." The suit, another spokesman said, symbolized church commitment to the poor by providing tangible evidence of Christian concern.

Conference delegates—many learning of the situation for the first time—voiced concern. At the suggestion of United Methodist minister William K. McElvancy of Dallas, delegates adopted a resolution which urged conference directors to act immediately "to regain the confidence of Mexican-Americans and other valley groups."

The following day the conference board of directors—composed of the top executive officer of each of the conference's ecclesiastical units—requested the bishop of the Roman Catholic Brownsville diocese to appoint a Mexican-American priest to co-direct valley work temporarily. The board set up a seven-man committee to study the situation and make recommendations at a June meeting.

United Methodists on regional and national levels have expressed the feeling that continued denominational support for the Valley Ministry should come from local sources, not from the Board of Missions National Division as in the past. Division funds should stress Christian support for indigenously based, self-determining organizations, said Missions field representative Leo Nieto from his Austin headquarters. —KAY LONGCOPE

### **Publishing House To Resume Project Equality Negotiations**

"With the ultimate objective of joining Project Equality," the General Board of Publication of The United Methodist Church, governing body of The Methodist Publishing House, has established a five-man committee to "resume negotiations with national, regional, and local officials of Project Equality in a determined effort to resolve whatever problems exist."

The action came during a special mid-year meeting of the 45-member



*The first 24-hour crisis-intervention telephone counseling center accredited by the United Methodist Board of Evangelism went into operation recently when Mrs. Neil Auston, a Quaker housewife of High Point, N.C., sat down at this desk and telephone in a High Point hotel room. She is one of 50 persons trained in counseling, each volunteering to take two six-hour turns per month. The director of the evangelism board's telephone ministries, the Rev. Ross Whetstone, said 98 other cities are in some stage of developing such centers and estimated that approximately 638 cities in all are large enough to support this type of telephone counseling service.*

board March 26 at Nashville, Tenn. Members of the committee are to be selected from the board by its chairman, Bradshaw Mintener, a Washington, D.C., attorney.

A statement adopted by the board reiterated its "approval and endorsement of the principles, aims, and policies of Project Equality" and acknowledged its awareness "of the recommendation by the 1968 General Conference that the boards and agencies of The United Methodist Church participate."

"To this end," the statement continued, "management of The Methodist Publishing House has endeavored in good faith to establish a working relationship with the Tennessee office of Project Equality but proposals made to date have been rejected by Project Equality because of differences of opinions and lack of understanding of certain procedures concerning compliance reviews, etc."

The board instructed the five-man committee to begin work immediately and to report at the earliest possible date to its executive committee which was "empowered to act for the board on this matter as soon as the committee is ready to report."

Initiated in 1965 by the Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, Project Equality is now a nationwide interfaith program through which church agencies use their purchasing power to implement the principles of

human rights, specifically by giving preference in their business dealing to firms that pledge to observe fair employment practices.

A number of official and unofficial United Methodist bodies have already joined Project Equality, including General Board of Education, the Program Council, the General Board of Evangelism, and the General Board of Missions. The General Board of Health and Welfare Ministries has endorsed Project Equality and voted \$200 toward cost of its national office in Chicago, Ill. The board voted that when a Chicago chapter of Project Equality is opened the board "will become a participating member." Trustees of the 300 health and welfare agencies related to the board will be encouraged to consider joining Project Equality.

The steering committee of the unofficial, United Methodists for Church Renewal, has expressed concern about The Methodist Publishing House not joining Project Equality and plans to encourage a boycott of purchases from the publishing agency if it has not joined by July 15.

Another unofficial group, the Black Methodists for Church Renewal, has called for a boycott by all churches, especially black churches, of the Publishing House until it joins Project Equality.

At its midyear meeting the board repeated its desire to co-operate fully



with a committee established by the 1968 General Conference to investigate the operations of The Methodist Publishing House. Established by the General Conference at the request of the Publishing House, the committee was asked to investigate charges and attacks against the Publishing House which were circulated at General Conference.

Board members were critical of the committee's delay in announcing its findings.

Lovick Pierce, president and publisher, said that the absence of any report from the investigating committee had created embarrassment, misunderstanding, and suspicion. "We had hoped that the committee would act promptly to discount with documented evidence the charges made against us."

The Rev. William M. James, New York City, a member of the investigating committee visiting the board meeting, said an early report had been impossible because of the lack of time for study. The investigating committee, headed by Bishop Eugene M. Frank of St. Louis, is scheduled to make a report to the Council of Bishops in November.

In other action the board authorized Publishing House management to seek buyers for four United Methodist printing plants: one at Cincinnati, Ohio, two at Harrisburg, Pa., and one at Dayton, Ohio. Management of the Publishing House was also given approval to purchase a 50-acre industrial tract in Nashville. A warehouse on a four-acre portion of the tract is already being used on a lease arrangement by the Nashville plant.

The board also heard a six-month financial report and progress reports on the merger of the former Methodist and EUB publishing programs.

The next meeting of the board is scheduled for New York City October 22. The executive committee is to meet in Houston June 17 and in New York City October 21.

### Doctrine Drafters Seek Church-Wide Opinions

The Theological Study Commission on Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards for The United Methodist Church will, like two of its three fellow study commissions, seek opinions from across the church.

The commission hopes to complete a progress report shortly before the 1970 General Conference. Its chairman, Dr. Albert C. Outler of Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology, suggested 1971 annual conferences might become "theological" conferences in which persons could ask what the denomination's doctrinal standards are and how churchmen can respond to them.

Two sets of Articles of Religion from the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches now appear side by side in the denomination's *Book of Discipline*. Dr. Outler's commission gave special attention to those articles and to John Wesley's writings at its recent meeting.

The chairman of the Structure Study Commission said his group had received "a lot of mail" in response to its invitation for suggestions. But, added Dr. Dow Kirkpatrick, "We are eager to get additional opinions."

This commission was instructed by the 1968 General Conference to "study thoroughly the board and agency organizational structure of the new church" and to bring to the 1972 General Conference its recommendations for structuring the groups. In

### United Methodists in the News

Two officials of *motive* magazine have taken new positions. Editor B. J. Stiles joined the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Foundation in Washington, D.C., and Managing Editor Ron Henderson went to the religious books department of the Macmillan Company in New York.

Dr. J. Harry Haines, executive secretary of the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, has been elected president of Heifer Project, a program supplying live animals to regions of extreme hunger.

Four United Methodists among 15 Boy Scouts and Explorers who presented their organization's annual *Report to the Nation* recently were

B. Daniel Dillard, Jr., 17, Lancaster, Pa.; Douglas L. Ross, 17, Clarkston, Wash.; Randolph W. Rountree, 16, San Angelo, Texas; and John T. Wigginton III, 17, Gainesville, Ga.

The Rev. Thomas J. Van Loon, formerly of the United Methodist Board of Education, has been elected executive secretary of the church's Interboard Committee on Missionary Education.

Dr. Frederick Brown Harris of Washington, D.C., was among five clergymen who received patriotic awards from the Freedoms Foundation in its 20th-annual observance of Washington's birthday.

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## this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER

"IF YOU believe that, you don't know what really happened in Rome at Vatican II, and you don't know what is happening with the church in the world today." We were standing, the three of us, in the World Council of Churches' Ecumenical Center in Geneva, Switzerland. Harvard's Dr. Harvey Cox was responding to a comment of a famous correspondent of an American TV network.

The correspondent earlier had raised a number of questions with me. Seeing Dr. Cox walking by, I included him in the conversation. Now he was becoming increasingly incredulous at the naïveté of his questioner. We were both the more appalled because this man had covered the Vatican Council from Rome. It might be possible to forgive the ignorance of one man, but not to dismiss a condition which is true of network TV news operations generally.

Each year CBS News telecasts an hour-long yearend wrap-up of religious news. That it does so (alone of the three networks) is laudable, but within its entire organization, CBS cannot assemble a panel of newsmen that would dare analyze religious news as readily as politics, science, economics, and the like.

Here then is a major, and appalling, weakness of electronic journalism. Within the print medium there are men like Louis Cassels, George Cornell, and Edward Fiske, to name but three—all competent observers and reporters of the religious scene. They have no equivalents in television. They and many of their colleagues would make a valuable contribution to any year-end religious news summary on television. But you are not likely to see them in this role. For any TV network to include them would be to admit a glaring lack of specialists in religious news coverage.

Religion is regularly front-page news. One cannot adequately understand international affairs, the

turmoil of our cities, let alone renewal in the church or its social involvements, if one does not understand what is occurring in the religious community.

We can rejoice in past contributions of the network news organizations. Without them there could not, for instance, have been the kind of Selma, Ala., we experienced. Without Selma, we should have been farther back on the painful road to racial justice.

Nevertheless, we have the right, given the facts, to charge the networks with professional incompetence in their coverage of important events and effects of contemporary religion. Each network, no doubt, would point to a religious-programs department in its news operation. But these are not integral parts of its prime-time news coverage.

The imperatives of responsible journalism require the attention of network news executives to this important shortcoming. Until they do, we shall have to fault their total performance and look elsewhere for a well-rounded reportage.

Now for program suggestions:

**April 17, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on ABC—***Titicaca*, life on and around Bolivia's great Altiplano lake.

**April 20 and 27, 1:30-2 p.m., EST, on NBC—***Frontiers of Faith: Challenge of a Closer Moon*.

**April 21, 7:30-8 p.m., EST, on NBC—***Babar the Elephant*.

**April 21, 10-11 p.m., EST, on CBS—***Spoon River*, stars Jason Robards.

**April 22, 9-11 p.m., EST, on NBC—***The Ordeal of the American City*.

**April 23, 10-11 p.m., EST, on CBS—***The Japanese* with Edwin O. Reischauer.

**April 28, 8-9 p.m., EDT, on NBC—***The Spring Thing* (If you like Goldie Hawn).

**May 1, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC—**Jack Paar special on *Africa*.

**May 6, 10-10:30 p.m., EDT on CBS—***The First 100 Days of Richard Nixon*.

**May 8, 9-10 p.m., EDT, on ABC—***Kitty Hawk to Paris: The Heroic Years*.

**May 9, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—***Big Cat, Little Cat*; narrator Lorne Greene. □

addition to its meetings with board and agency heads, the commission is expected to meet at area and conference levels to solicit ideas.

Another commission, the Social Principles Study Commission, is seeking to develop a set of social principles to replace social-issue statements from the two former denominations.

The fourth study commission is negotiating for property rights with former EUB congregations which did not come into United Methodism.

### Congregation Pledges \$100,000 Advance Special

One of the largest Advance Special gifts ever from a single congregation will help build a school in the Congo in honor of a United Methodist missionary couple.

St. Luke United Methodist Church in Columbus, Ga., has pledged \$100,000 to build the Reid Biblical Institute in Lodja, Congo, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Reid of Wilmore, Ky. The Reids retired in 1968 after 30 years in the Congo. The Columbus congregation had supported them and four other missionary families through Advance Specials.

### Urban Seminars Feature Three U.S. Areas

New forms of inner-city work on both East and West Coasts and in Mid-America will be featured in three urban seminars sponsored this spring by the United Methodist Board of Missions.

Seminars are scheduled April 20-26 in New York-New Jersey; April 27-May 3 in Kansas City; and May 4-10 in San Diego-Los Angeles. These are in addition to eight travel seminars in this country and overseas directed by the Board of Missions.

Seminars, limited to 30 persons, will show what is happening in the cities and what the church and other agencies are doing to meet the urban crisis, said tour director Barbara H. Lewis.

### 'Concerns' Parley Warned Of Crime, War Prospects

Predictions of war in the 1970s and an increase in crime confronted the March convocation sponsored in Washington, D.C., by United Methodism's Board of Christian Social Concerns.

Nathan Pelcovits, a Department of State special assistant on peace-keeping, explained how the United Nations attempts to keep peace, but he predicted:

"We will not see a warless world during the 1970s." He said obtaining



peace is more a political than a military matter.

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark told the convocation crime will increase if corrective conditions are not provided.

Mr. Clark declared that Americans "cultivate crime" because they allow unlivable conditions. He said statistics

show that a white, middle-class suburbanite has 1 chance in 10,000 of being a victim of violent crime but that of a black in the slum is 1 in 77.

Improving processes of criminal justice can help, he said, as he outlined three areas of crucial concern: work with youth, upgrading professional levels of police, and improving

the correctional-rehabilitative system.

The convocation heard the host board's general secretary, Dr. A. Dudley Ward, state that in insisting on a reordering of national priorities, the church and its members must make clear that they are willing to pay high taxes.

Dr. Ward said, "All recent polls

# Love Is a Package From a Friend

"I APPRECIATES anybody that help me, but I likes to work," the tired-looking man said. "I been a man that's working for all I get."

His name is William Franklin. He is 57 years old and lives with his wife, Henrietta, six children, and one grandchild in a crowded shack-home in Marks, Miss.

Several years ago Mr. Franklin was involved in some civil-rights activity. Since then neither he nor his wife has been able to secure steady employment. Nor can they receive welfare. He is not old enough for old-age assistance, and, since he hasn't deserted his family, they don't qualify for Aid to Dependent Children.

Until they again can become self-supporting, the Franklins are receiving sustaining help from friends in Southington, Conn.—the Mothers' Circle of Grace United Methodist Church, which has "adopted" them.

Similarly, in many parts of the United States, church, school, and community groups and individuals send boxes of essentials to Southerners in critical need through a program called The Box Project.

Two dozen state and regional co-ordinators—usually housewives who have "adopted" southern families of their own—send names of families needing supplies to persons and groups wanting to help. As often as possible they match family ages and sizes, since clothing is a major need.

Boxes are sent directly to the families. Mrs. Lowell Johnson, director of the project, tells helpers to "send boxes of whatever you can obtain which is needed by the family—whatever your means will permit, all the while exchanging letters. Most senders try to get off food and clothing on a regular basis—once a month or so."

Names of Southerners are obtained from the National Council of Churches' Delta Ministry, from Head Start program leaders, and other reliable local sources. In Sunflower County, Miss., for example, Otis

Brown, Jr., field worker for the Mississippi Council on Human Relations, sees that only legitimate requests are forwarded for assignment.

Mr. Brown, himself Negro, says the project encourages some people to work harder to help themselves and gives Northerners and Southerners a unique opportunity to communicate. "And it has given me hope—to keep on trying to solve some of my fellowman's problems," he adds.

Co-ordinators have become involved in The Box Project for many reasons. Mrs. Brandford Giddings, an Ohioan who helps a Southern mother and her four children, explains: "As a Negro, a black, I had to be interested, as this was part of me."

Mrs. Sherwood Augur of Connecticut believes that "while we run the risk of continuing the paternalistic, welfare-dependency system, we have to do something to meet the crying emergency needs, and we bring the message that 'someone cares.' We view the project as something to fill in until the agriculture department, the state and federal governments, and the white structure and the people themselves, are able to shoulder their responsibility for employment, equal education, job training and retraining, housing—until real change comes."

Helpers, too, find the project is "more than mouthing mere rhetoric."

"This has proven very fulfilling to me," a Californian says. "I've become interested and concerned with the whole civil-rights cause and in particular the plights of the poor."

Another West Coast helper reports: "My two girls become very generous when it is time to make up a box. My six-year-old has learned so much. We truly seem to be getting more than we are giving."

Letters of thanks from the South are vivid and frank:

"There is no work here much very few people are hiring [sic] here. No cotton to pick they picks it with machine . . ."



*Mrs. William Franklin, feeding her grandchild, is one of thousands of Southerners who are receiving sustaining help from the north through The Box Project.*

An 11-year-old writes that he doesn't need swim trunks because "there aren't no swimming pools for black folks in Mississippi."

And a happy mother pens, "Let me tell you the good news. Haven't one of my children missed a day in school and before you started helping me they always had to stay out and pick cotton so they could buy them clothes."

Mrs. Augur remarks, "Some people ask why we don't devote our efforts to the poor in our own communities. The answer is that most of us do. This is just an additional way of expressing our concern."

Persons sharing this concern can receive more information about the project by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Lowell Johnson, 92 Pearl St., Seymour, Conn. 06483.

—MARTHA A. LANE



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indicate that only a bare majority of its members think the church should be involved in social and political activities dealing with poverty, war, technological change, and political systems."

He suggested The United Methodist Church could help implement its avowed purposes by consolidation of all its agencies' endowment funds so that by careful administration the income might be used to encourage social change.

The convocation's participants were divided into four issue-centered groups of approximately 100 each. One group concerned with welfare found itself in the midst of a demonstration sponsored by the National Welfare Rights Organization. Another section heard blacks talk about crime and police action in the capital.

### Program Council Warned Of Old Styles, New Names

The general secretary of United Methodism's Program Council warned the council recently that there is "too much evidence that old styles of working are only being rebaptized with new names" in the new denomination.

Dr. Paul V. Church said he believes the denomination "has a chance to do a pioneering work" with its new structures, but he said "our hopes will turn to disillusionment" if old styles under new names become the pattern.

The Program Council, headquartered in Dayton, Ohio, voted to become a member of Project Equality and to affiliate with the national equal employment program's Ohio chapter.

The Program Council also pledged its support to the Board of Publication for "effective promotion of a wider distribution of TOGETHER through all the local churches of United Methodism." The period from September 18 to November 2 was recommended as the time for a special TOGETHER promotion campaign.

### Proposals Sought For Capital Acreage

The Methodist Corporation has assigned its recently named first executive director to go church wide for ideas on how to develop 11.8 acres in Washington, D.C.

The site, bought in 1957 as a possible national church center, was cleared of debt in 1967 by contributions from general church funds and annual conferences.

Dr. Hurst R. Anderson, as executive director, is expected to consult many United Methodist agencies and other leadership groups. He retired in 1968

after 16 years as president of United Methodist-related American University, across the street from the acreage.

Recommendations for use are expected at the corporation's annual meeting in February, 1970.

Annual conferences gave \$689,513 toward land purchase. The general church budget contributed \$898,776 toward land purchase and \$137,741 for interest and taxes.

### Missions Co-ordinators Name United Methodist

A former leader of United Methodist missions in Detroit, Mich., has been named the first executive director of a group through which seven organizations seek to co-ordinate much of their national missions effort.

The Rev. Norman E. Dewire moved to Joint Strategy and Action Committee (JSAC) headquarters in New York this spring. The United Methodist Church participates in JSAC through the Board of Missions National Division.

During two years with the Detroit Conference, Mr. Dewire initiated United Methodist work in JSAC-type mission planning in Michigan.

Others involved in JSAC work are American Baptist Convention, National Council of Churches, Episcopal Church, Presbyterian Church in the United States, United Church of Christ, and United Presbyterian Church.

### CENTURY CLUB

*This month, along with the names of eight other centenarians, we add that of Dr. John Lakin Brasher, a well-known evangelist from the North Alabama Conference.*

Mrs. Frank (Elizabeth) L. Benesch, 100, Glenrose, Wash.

Dr. John Lakin Brasher, 100, Attalla, Ala.

Mrs. Edna Lusk Cooper, 100, Johnson City, Tenn.

Mrs. Florence M. Eldridge, 101, Huntington Park, Calif.

Mrs. Otis (Lucinda) Hatfield, 100, Ripley, N.Y.

Mrs. Martha E. Maness, 100, St. Louis, Mo.

Charles C. Reuter, 100, Abilene, Kans.

Mrs. Louise Strader, 101, Quincy, Ill.

Mrs. Rosalie White, 100, Greenfield, Mass.

*In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where he or she is a member, and its location.*



# To Build...Or Not to Build

**I**N RECENT YEARS, some churchmen have called for a moratorium on the construction of new churches. A congregation's resources should be directed to immediate service of a needy world, they say. In addition, they submit that organized religion is in a transitional era, and we should wait for clearer future directions to emerge before making commitments to a particular kind of building and the style of corporate life it tends to shape.

In its true sense, they insist, the church is the body of Christ in the world, and to be faithful to the calling of its Lord it must assume the primary role of servant. Some have gone so far as to contend that the servant congregation needs no building at all, and can shed the encumbrance of maintaining real estate.

It is true, of course, that Christians don't *build* the church; they *are* the church. Idealistically, a congregation unencumbered by a building, a mortgage, and continuing maintenance of both the property and the program it demands would indeed embody much that is basic to the gospel. Too many congregations in the past have indentured themselves to bricks and stones, stained glass and organ pipes.

Church builders never have been able to predict the future, of course, but the fluid nature of society in our time makes their task more difficult than ever. It is almost certain, in fact, that any building a congregation erects—however well planned—soon will be found wanting in meeting changing needs. One does not have to search very far to find churches once thought to be lasting memorials to the vision of their planners which now offer clear evidence of the fallibility of human vision—and the impracticability of voguish designs of yesterday in meeting today's needs.

Are we then to be immobilized, fearful of building anything because we know we cannot build a religious structure for the ages? Certainly not. But we do need to be realistic about our goals.

In the first place, some of the visionaries who were advocating an end to all construction a few years ago have come smack up against the reality that ours is a building-oriented society. While it is true that a congregation theoretically could function more freely in servanthood without the responsibilities imposed by a building, the plain fact is that very few Christians—at this stage, anyhow—are psychologically ready for such a style of corporate life. Most of us cannot imagine how a church could operate without some kind of permanent structural base for operations. It is the building which gives most congregations cohesion, a sense of community, a focus for corporate life.

This is not to ignore the experimental Christian communities which have maintained their viability and their vitality in unconventional locations. But they do use buildings of one sort or another. As a matter of fact, we recently devoted 10 pages of

text and pictures to "New Kinds of Churches," which are attempting to carry out their servanthood in seemingly improbable places: an old storefront building, a coffeehouse, an ordinary brownstone in New York's East Harlem, and two rather dissimilar shopping centers.

This month, without taking anything away from those unconventional congregations we admired last fall, we think it's good to recognize, too, that more conventional congregations continue to build buildings which have dignity and strength. On this month's cover and pages 34-43 are pictures and text which describe five such new structures.

Recognizing that congregations will continue to erect new churches, what criteria should be met in deciding whether and how to build?

J. Gordon Davies, professor of theology at the University of Birmingham, England, urges that Christians affirm the unity of "sacred" and "secular." He calls for the church to accept its role as servant and seek to build community life as a whole. This means, he says, that the church building should be planned to serve all in the community, not just accredited church members, and that its design should allow multipurpose community use.

The British professor's stand is similar to that of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, now head of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Rochester, N.Y. In announcing guidelines for the construction of future buildings in his diocese last year, Bishop Sheen said that "worship and mission are inseparable" and that church buildings in the future should include "moderate facilities not only for the Divine service but also for human service."

The bishop's use of the word "moderate" implies a final question: In today's unsettled climate both in the church and in society, how much of a financial obligation is a congregation justified in assuming for itself and future generations of members?

During the church building boom of the 1950s, many congregations built and paid for substantial projects with ease. Now the boom has decreased, as one church leader has said, to a whisper, and new trends in church life make this no time for "building as usual." Added to the old questions of a congregation's present ability and willingness to support a building program and its future potential for stability and growth are some new factors: the increasing mobility of members, the disenchantment of some, both young and old, with the institutional church, and even the possible taxation of church property not used for worship. All are factors which a congregation should take seriously before assuming a large, long-term financial obligation.

The decision in some cases may be not to build at all. In other cases it may be to build less heroically than many would prefer. In all cases it should be to build modestly, flexibly, functionally—aware of the essential servanthood by which every body of Christians should be defined. —YOUR EDITORS



# The Down and Up of Life

By IRA G. ZEPP, JR.  
Dean of the Chapel, Western Maryland College  
Westminster, Maryland



Woven into the Bible is the human response for life's ever-recurring pattern of defeat and victory. The most comforting thing for a Christian is the certainty that God is in the downs as well as the ups, and the Resurrection message of the New Testament is that the ups have the last word.

TWO HOURS BEFORE his execution at the hands of the Nazi Gestapo, a priest wrote a last letter to his brother.

"The hour has now come—the hour so 'terrible' for you and all who love me, but the hour of liberation for me," he said. "On the way of the cross I am approaching the last station; there has been darkness, but the 'day' is dawning. 'In thee, O Lord, I have hope. Alleluia!'"

His thoughts reflect a central biblical theme and a pattern of God's own activity—the theme and pattern of *descent and ascent*:

"The Son of man also came not to be served but to serve" (Mark 10:45).

"They will see the Son of man coming on the clouds of heaven" (Matthew 24:30).

"The Son of man must suffer many things" (Mark 8:31).

"He must . . . be killed, and on the third day be raised" (Matthew 16:21).

And in the writings of Paul we find:

"In human form he humbled himself and became obedient unto death . . . Therefore God has highly exalted him" (Philippians 2:8-9).

"You were buried with him in baptism" (Colossians 2:12).

"As Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might walk in newness of life" (Romans 6:4).

Woven into the message of the Bible, which is a response to God's activity, is the ever-recurring pattern of suffering and exaltation, humiliation and vindication, aridity and ecstasy, defeat and victory, Crucifixion and Resurrection. This is the "down" and "up" of life.

No one can avoid the down side of life. There may be times of undergoing severe surgery, difficulty in childbirth, mental illness, family tragedy, rejection by other people, worry and fear over loved ones in the military service, feeling separated from God. Sometimes there is a deep sense of the futility and meaninglessness of life.

No one who lives can escape experiences like these—no one, be he saint or sinner, lord or peasant, young or old, male or female, believer or atheist, white or black, rich or poor. The down side of life rains like a storm on the just and the unjust and is no respecter of persons. The message of the Bible addresses the inevitability of life's "downs."

For the person of biblical faith, there is no automatic escape from the "downs" of life. Going to church, reading the Bible, praying your knees off will not protect you from the "downs" of life. There is no guarantee or promise in the Bible that good and righteous people will have an easy time of it, that by some magic they will be exempt from the world's suffering and brokenness.

There is no sentimental claim in biblical faith that God or Jesus or religion will so anesthetize a person that life will be painless.

Christians can no more tiptoe through the world's pain, suffering, and tragedy without being touched by it than non-Christians can. They experience what all men experience. If they are honest, they know that there is no way out of the pain and suffering of the "down" of life, but only a way through it.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a gifted and brilliant young pastor of Germany, was imprisoned by the Nazis and finally killed in the Flossenbürg concentration camp in April, 1945, at the age of 39.

He wrote from his prison cell:

"The Christian, unlike the devotees of the salvation myths, does not need a last refuge in the eternal from earthly tasks and difficulties. But like Christ himself ('My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'), he must drink the earthly cup to the dregs, and only in his doing that is the crucified and risen Lord with him, and he crucified and risen with Christ."

But the Christian knows something else—God is there with him in the "down" of life. It is almost blasphemy to ask God to intervene in our suffering and pain. It is an affront to him because that is precisely where you find God.

He is not the cause of suffering, but he is in the midst of it in order to deliver us from its power. The God of the Bible is a suffering God. The God who was with Israel in bondage, with the psalmist in his despair, and with Jesus on the cross is not now away somewhere in a sanitary and painless heaven. He is not indifferent and uninvolved in our day-to-day, life-and-death affairs. God is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and afflicted in all our affliction."

In Christianity, the symbols of the stable and the cross mean that God has been in the "down" of life and experienced the profound depths of existence. "Descent into hell" in one version of the creed is the straining of our language to point out that God is down to earth, that, as Psalms 103 puts it, he "*knows our frame; he remembers that we are dust.*" He has incarnated himself in the real world that you and I know. Because of the cross of Jesus, he is on every cross of ours.

A few years ago I conducted the funeral of a teen-aged boy who was killed in an automobile accident. His death was a deep shock to his family and friends. At the funeral many tears were shed. I could not help reminding the grieving congregation that God, too, was in tears. He was sympathizing with them, feeling and suffering with them, not separated from them, but as near as any concerned friend would be at such a time—closer in

fact, than any loved one. God is never far from us.

The more you know about yourself—your fears and loneliness, your guilt and shame and failure, your self-rejection—the more you know about any other person you meet. We are not different from one another in this regard. Our difference is in how we manage our fear and guilt, how we navigate our shame and failure, and how we conquer or face our illness and death.

The presence of God in suffering enables a Christian to be down but not out. As Phillips translates Paul, we are "never far from death, yet here we are alive, always 'going through it' yet never 'going under.' We know sorrow, yet our joy is inextinguishable." This is true because God is near, as we are reminded in the hymn:

*O Love divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear!  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;  
We smile at pain while Thou art near.*

The most comforting thing the Christian knows about God is that he not only is in the "down" of life, but he is there also as victorious Lord. God's presence is the "up" that gives confidence in all our "downs."

The certainty of God's victory is a Resurrection which tells us there is never a "down" without an "up." In every defeat there is incipient victory. In every suffering there is potential healing. In every crucifixion there is a promised resurrection.

The power of the story of Job to illustrate this is not exhausted. Job was brought low before God and man. In all his affliction and distress he was, by his faith in God, delivered from their power to bring him down to despair. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him . . . I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now my eye sees thee."

Job finally had entered into such a personal, trusting relationship that he found God more real to him than

his own suffering. Job would rather be with God in suffering than without him in health and prosperity. He could now live or die, he could be up or down.

In a gloriously liberating way, the up or the down no longer mattered. He had entered the reality called God, who never promised him sweetness and light or that life would be a bed of roses. Instead, God faithfully promised Job that in whatever situation he found himself, He would be there too. God's presence would enable Job to experience vindication, victory, and resurrection that would conquer defeat and death.

My eight-year-old son asked, "If God is invisible and everywhere, can you walk through him?" That is exactly right, I said. Paul said it in a more sophisticated manner: "In him [God] we live and move and have our being." *In him all life is lived.*

The operative word is *in*. Out of the depths we confidently cry unto God because he is *in* the depths as the presence of victory. Like the apostle Paul, nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ—not tribulation or distress or persecution, not famine or nakedness or peril or sword.

Charles Wesley wrote a hymn, *Thou Hidden Source of Calm Response*, in which this motif is unforgettably expressed.

*Jesus, my All-in-All thou art:  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The healing of my broken heart,  
In war my peace, in loss my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown:  
In shame my glory and my crown.*

*In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty pow'r,  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My light in satan's darkest hour,  
In grief my joy unspeakable,  
My life in death, my All-in-All.*

As Bishop Gustaf Aulén of Sweden puts it, "Because peace depends on fellowship with God, it can exist in the midst of darkness and tumult, and it can dwell in the human heart filled with storm and stress." A countless number of people can testify to the truth of this. They who know the peace of God in their fear, the love of God in their hostility, the wholeness of God in their brokenness, and the life of God in their death. Albert Camus affirmed something like this when he wrote, "In the midst of winter I suddenly found that there was in me an invincible summer."

When we are feeling low and depressed, there is no need for resignation, to have to grin and bear it. Christ is there to share it with us and to conquer it for us. Jesus did weep beside the grave of his friend, Lazarus. But the whole story is that he also raised Lazarus from the dead.

The natural man may talk about the "ups" and "downs" of life, thereby suggesting that the "down" has the last word. The Christian man talks about the "down and up" of life, thereby confidently proclaiming that healing, love, victory, and resurrection have the last word.

Alleluia! □

## PRAYER

*By Maurine Barcal*

We pray such foolish prayers. We kneel and say,  
"Dear God, let things be so-and-so today.

"Please do it this way." We have worked it out  
So You will know just what You are about.

"Don't let this happen—it would be a shame;  
But see about that other, in His name.

"That's all—unless more trouble comes, and then  
At once, of course, You'll hear from us again."

Not knowing, all the while, we could not stay  
The steady flow of blessings on their way,

Or stem the tide of graciousness that pours  
Forever down through Thy celestial doors!





WITH another Mother's Day closing fast—which means another present to buy—you try hard to think of reasons why your mother deserves such special attention. I've tried and can't do it. She sneezes too loud, burns the roast on occasion, and once she oiled a fan with weed killer!

She stays on the phone too long listening to other people's tragedies and doesn't talk enough about her own. She's overreligious on one hand and almost pagan on the other. She has convinced herself and several fellow believers that maybe certain things were "meant to be" and are going to work out for the best. (Some consider this a working definition of faith, but it contradicts the wisdom of men.)

At the same time, she's little-girl shy about using a word like "God" in letters and conversation, as if it represented something too holy, too big for words.

What's more, she's shamefully slow to follow the custom of these troublous times. She hides her frustration by working too hard helping people around her when she could be expressing it through hatred for the Communists, the Catholics, the protesters, and the government.

Gay as a songbird, she starts out telling a joke, embroiders every detail, builds up to the end with ecstatic expectancy . . . and forgets the punch line. She has been observed sitting all alone under a lamp in the den, head bent over a book, or a needle and thread. Something in this tranquil scene is entirely too wholesome and peaceable for nineteen hundred sixty-nine. It's unsettling.

Maybe what's wrong with Mother is that she has never memorized a single sophisticated platitude about art. She doesn't care if her hair turns gray. She has taken up jogging. She teaches school too well for the salary. She spoils my sister's kids.

And when she gets off on a fishing trip to the mountains, she comes back sunburned, face all round and raspberry-merry, giving the impression there are things in the world to be happy about.

Her excesses are topped off by the act she puts on for Mother's Day. Year after year she receives the same flowering bulb in a tinfoil pot, or the same type box of candy. But she twinkles and beams as if it came from somebody who halfway cares about her. □

# What's Wrong With Mother

By JAMES W. GUTHRIE



*Pastor J. Coolidge Hand interprets one of his symbolic arrangements in a Holy Week service at Esperance, N.Y.*

## Sermons in Art

Through the use of symbolic arrangements and other art forms in worship and teaching, a New York pastor finds that he can generate understanding about man's relationship to God and the meaning of Christ's suffering in His ministry and Crucifixion.





*Mr. Hand unloads a rusty furnace grating, a junkyard piece which may become part of a future work. At right, a welder helps him fashion a Communion table centerpiece by joining steel rods in a gilded sunburst effect to symbolize "Christ, the light of the world." Below, an arrangement depicting Christ's suffering uses hand-hewn timbers from an old barn and gnarled roots dredged from a lake bottom.*

**J.** COOLIDGE HAND entered the ministry after a quarter century in retail merchandising and life insurance estate planning. Somewhat incongruously, he brought to his new middle-years calling a rich background in fine arts. Growing up on Long Island, N.Y., he became a protege of Albert Herter, muralist and painter; and after attending Brooklyn's Pratt Institute in the depression years, he worked two years printing silk-screen textiles for the internationally known artist.

Now pastor of the United Methodist congregations at Esperance and Sloansville, N.Y., Mr. Hand uses art extensively in worship and teaching. "The church," he declares, "must use every possible approach to tell the Christian story in a fresh way."

Although a watercolorist, Mr. Hand devotes most of his artistic energy to symbolic arrangements. His reoccurring theme is the suffering, death, and Resurrection of Christ. To bring it to life, his arrangements have combined such diverse elements as crosses hand-hewn from old timbers, crowns of thorn-apple twigs and barbed wire, his own sculpture and paintings, and even contemporary newspaper headlines screaming war, poverty, and racism.

Invariably, Mr. Hand comes back to the centrality of the cross, which he feels should be represented as rugged. "I think we need to realize the real significance of the cross—that it was rough, bulky, heavy, crude, and dirty. This is the cross that Christ dragged up the hill to Calvary and on which he suffered that supreme agony for you and for me."

—Willmon L. White





# There Are TWO Churches



BY NOW THE word "ecumenical" has become part of the working vocabulary of most American Christians. Only rarely is the whole idea of inter-church co-operation still dismissed as the hobby of a few far-out radicals.

But questions remain. There is a confusing array of merger talks, dialogues, and councils of churches. Some wonder whether it all amounts to a denial of our faith. "How can churches really come together?" they ask. "If there were disagreements in the past, which side is giving in?"

How can churches come together, and dream of further reunion? Don't Christians still differ from each other?

We certainly do. But a basically important thing has happened to us in the 20th century. Christians still differ on many points of theology, such as describing the exact way God saves us, or deciding which organizational structure is most in harmony with the New Testament church. We're likely to differ on the meaning

of Holy Communion or at least on what we call it. Baptism, forms of worship, and what the clergy wear during services provide further differences.

But look over that list again. These are not the things that people talk most about, read most about, or care most about in the 20th century. These things find their way into few newspaper headlines or heated discussions.

Historic differences among the branches of the church of Christ still exist. But people no longer care quite as much about these particular differences, even people who care very much about the cause of Christ.

In terms of the things people care and talk about most today, feel strongly about, get excited about, and even take risks for, there are basically two churches left in the world.

These two are not formal organizations. They are not divided by any clear line. They cross every known denominational line. These are two general groupings of Christians in

terms of today's issues—groups found in every denomination and probably within almost every congregation. Some individuals feel the tension and are pulled toward either of these two "churches" in different ways.

Only two churches left? What do we call them? Not Protestant and Catholic, by any means. There are Protestants and Catholics in each of these groups, and since the time of Pope John the Catholic ones have really begun to speak up. Their reactions to Pope Paul's birth control edict show they are not going to disappear in a hurry. The two "churches" I mean are nameless. Having no desire to be unfair to either group, I'll call them the As and the Bs.

How do you tell them apart? They look alike, even while worshiping. Like chemical elements they join together easily to form families, committees, and organizations. But, as in chemistry, there are certain formulas for separating and identifying them.

To start identifying the species,

An Interchurch Feature originated by The Lutheran (Lutheran Church in America). Used by permission.  
—Your Editors



Christians divide on matters they talk about, read about, and get excited about, but usually not along denominational lines. The 'As' enjoy coffee klatches, gospel hymns, and *Reader's Digest*. And the 'Bs' like coffeehouses, jazz liturgy, and *Saturday Review*. Do you know which you are?

By LLOYD A. BERG



have them listen to an evangelist cooing "The Lord bless you real good." Observe their respective reactions.

If you want to see it a bit more clearly, inquire of each regarding their views on education. Ask what they think is most needed now in the public schools. Listen for those who answer "integration" and those who answer "prayers."

Next, a word game. Hand out lists of words and ask each Christian to indicate which he has used frequently within the last month or year. The As will give you such selections as morality, gospel, honesty, Savior, sin, fellowship, and "good Christian" as practically one word. From the Bs we hear ethics, renewal, ecumenical, thrust, guilt, outreach, relevance, trauma, tension, creative, Incarnate God, and breakthrough.

By this time the outline of the two churches in today's world is becoming apparent. There's some overlapping, of course, but there are really two distinct groups in the ways they react.

When surrounded by Church A,

you'll likely hear quotations from Billy Graham, Daniel Poling, and Norman Vincent Peale. They're not sure about Oral Roberts, and often ask their pastors (usually from Church B) about him.

The B people feel rather uncomfortable whenever any of those names are mentioned. They speak of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Karl Barth, Marshall McLuhan, Soren Kierkegaard, and Harvey Cox. The As feel uncomfortable about these names. The two they're sure they know how to spell are the two they're sure they don't agree with.

The As speak of law and order. The Bs speak of justice. If you think those two things are close to each other, just listen to them!

Both groups are involved in the question of fair-housing laws. The Bs may be leading their communities in pushing for them. The As are the people upon whom they'd like to enforce the laws.

The As speak of fellowship activities. The Bs' word is neighborhood outreach. Occasionally they're speak-

ing of the same thing. The people from Church A like coffee klatches. Church B often works hard to set up coffeehouses. Each of them thinks the church is wasting its resources on the other.

The As usually have activities that meet the social needs of elderly people. The Bs are apt to be on planning committees that talk about meeting the social needs of the elderly. For some reason this makes them feel far apart.

The As like gospel hymns. Played slowly. The Bs generally prefer Johann Sebastian Bach. They insist upon only sacred music in the church—but encourage jazz, rock 'n' roll, and folk-song services, since it is important to express the Christian faith in whatever motifs will be meaningful to all people. Except gospel hymns, played slowly.

The Bs speak of stewardship and church growth. They feel the church should set a good example in its salaries and personnel policies. The favorite stewardship text of the As is the story of the widow's mite. They

always identify themselves with the widow.

Both groups get a great deal of comfort out of their denominational magazines. The Bs like its editorials. The As prefer the letters to the editor.

When the As do further reading it's the *Christian Herald*, *U.S. News and World Report*, *Reader's Digest*, and *Ideals*. They suspect the Bs of reading *Ramparts* and *Playboy*. The Bs really subscribe to the *Christian Century*, their denomination's theological quarterly, *Saturday Review*, and *Renewal*. They have moments of wondering whether the As read *True Story* magazine.

Protestant As think their ministers are getting just a little too Catholic. Catholic As are beginning to accuse their priests of being too Protestant. The Bs are generally all out for the ecumenical movement. To them, a Protestant and a Catholic drinking coffee together is a sure sign the kingdom of God is near.

THE Bs see the Christian faith pointing them toward greater efforts for world peace and international understanding. They often have a nagging fear that our country's policies might be part of the problem rather than God's answer. The As are far more certain that faith calls them back to the days of a simpler, automatic patriotism. They're sure God is on our country's side.

Both groups are basically optimistic. With a little effort, the As think, we can get back to God, and back to the way things were 30 or 40 years ago. There was no crime then—as far as they can recall. The Bs think church renewal is just around the corner. They look toward new and exciting forms of worship and action; cell groups, retreat groups, study groups, action groups. They don't realize they're imagining a church of only Bs when they talk of all these.

To start making the world better, the As would like stern, uncompromising denunciations of immorality from the pulpit. They mean sexual immorality. Something in them yearns to hear, just a few times more, "Thus saith the Lord" and "Thou shalt not." Especially the older ones.

The Bs think it not that simple. Sexual morality is a question of such

complexity that its principles can be rightly understood by only a certain level of Ph.D.-equipped professors. And the sexual conduct of these scholars just doesn't seem much of a problem.

These are many of the things that people now talk about and feel strongly about. Yet, to the best of my knowledge, no one has ever suggested that denominational lines be redrawn to reflect these "two churches."

And no one ever will. For several reasons. A few are practical ones. If the churches ever did divide along such lines, the As would find themselves short of clergy and inner-core-type lay leaders, especially younger ones. And the Bs would not have many to minister to, teach, or help.

Another practical detail holding them together is that often they can use the same basic Christian words to mean different things. Take "sin" for instance. The Bs think of war, race prejudice, suburban indifference, and economic exploitation. To the As sin means sexual indiscretions, marijuana, taking welfare money, or drinking from a bottle in the street.

Or there's "grace." This is a miraculous, undeserved, freely given gift of God to many of the Bs. It's the little boost and peace of mind that God gives to good people, as the As see it.

The very erosion of the authority of the church is also keeping us together. It means schism really isn't

necessary any more. For example, those Roman Catholics who can't buy Pope Paul's birth-control edict needn't get excited enough to consider a split. It's so much easier to ignore it.

But far beyond all this, we like each other. I think we love each other. Most of us do, except where there's fanaticism, or personality tensions, or where community attitudes on some issue have hardened beyond the point of reason.

IN MOST congregational situations we still feel quite close to one another. We enjoy the search for Christian truth. We're glad for those who are searching with us. We stand by each other in some of the needs and crises, and the joys of life. We wouldn't want to be split.

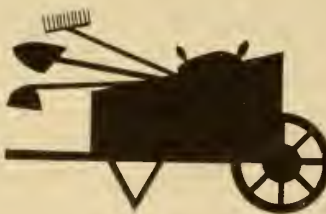
Schism is no longer an option that can express today's situations. For situations change faster than organizational lines possibly could.

As recently as 15 years ago lines dividing attitudes would not have been drawn this way. Fifteen years from now the groupings may again be different. The world changes swiftly. Christian thought must move with it, without stopping to draw slow and clumsy organizational lines around each passing development.

Perhaps this has brought the fundamental Christian maturity that has developed in our attitudes, almost unnoticed. We no longer expect to associate only with those we think agree with us completely. Minds and consciences are not as easily bound to rigid formulas and they move on in different directions.

We may have matured to the point that we can search for Jesus Christ and his Word for today without thinking he wants us to be separate from all who search or speak a little differently. We know we can disagree and still be together. And still be Christ's. Almost without noticing it, this maturity has started to cover the things we care and talk about today.

Mergers and ecumenical co-operation are still not easy, and will probably take a bit longer than most people either hope or fear. But perhaps this is one clue as to how churches can work together despite historic differences. It may also be a hopeful sign about all of us. □



#### NEW CROP

We planted corn, and carrots,  
Turnips, beans, and early peas.  
My helper made it very plain  
He cared for none of these.  
We worked away all morning,  
Then I heard his angry whoop,  
"Grandpa, you forgot to save  
A place for noodle soup!"

—Madeleine Laeuffer



# Can Juvenile Delinquents Be Cured?



*United Methodism's Atlantic Street Center in Seattle is trying to find a cure for juvenile delinquency by abandoning typical settlement-house activities and concentrating on long-range research. The results, so far, provide both new data and new hope.*

By CAROL M. DOIG

"THE CHURCH HAS to stop going second-class," says Tsuguo Ikeda, and at Seattle's Atlantic Street Center he is demonstrating what he means.

Ike, executive director of what was a typical, multi-purpose, church-related community center 10 years ago, has managed since then:

- To throw out all the old programs and opt for excellence in one area: research into prevention of juvenile delinquency.
- To persist through several years of rejections and



*Tsuguo Ikeda discusses research developments at a board of directors meeting. "Like many centers, full of dedication but overextended, we weren't able to do much about any one issue," he says of the center's former traditional program.*

finally talk the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) into providing \$396,500 for a five-year experiment with junior-high-school boys who seemed headed for sure trouble.

- To prove that boys helped by the center got into significantly less serious trouble than those without help.

- To touch NIMH for another \$42,000 to finance a two-year follow-up that will end in August.

- To promote the use of the latest research tools, including computers and systems analysis, in juvenile-delinquency research.

- To infiltrate or, as he says, "contaminate" influential decision-making groups with his ideas.

Now he is looking for at least a million dollars to make the research center permanent and assure its budget for 10 years.

"It sounds crazy," he admits, "a little organization like ours—an executive director, three social workers, and a part-time research staff—asking for all that."

But he has made more than one apparently crazy idea work since he decided that the traditional community center was obsolete.

Ike, a crew-cut buoyant Japanese-American, has for 12 years directed the Atlantic Street Center in a transitional area south of downtown Seattle which suffers the city's highest rate of juvenile delinquency. At first he enjoyed the traditional community center approach as well as the piety of poverty.

"Being poor and threadbare was part of the trap-pings," he says now with a smile. He started with a master's degree in social work, a rolltop desk, a battered dresser for a file, an ancient cash register that served as an adding machine, a mimeograph that squirted fluid whenever it was cranked, and a salary of \$3,200 a year.

He was director and the only professional staff member. He worked with a deaconess, a part-time secretary, and a standard program that included clubs for the elderly, classes for mothers, recreation for children, and a preschool. In the next several years, the program expanded.

"Like many centers, full of dedication but over-extended," he says, "we weren't able to do much about any one issue. It seemed like I was losing my soul, my identity. Why did I go to a school of social work—to be an operator of a lot of activities?"

"I think my predicament was a reflection of our society. We're so busy doing things that we have no time for persons. I just couldn't accept the situation."

Gradually a new idea emerged, and Ike and his board of directors gulped and took the leap. They gave away every project some other agency could logically take over.

"It was hard," Ike remembers, "to cut off everything this center had been dedicated to for over 50 years and say, 'All we've done in the past was fine for the past, but no more.'"

"The Methodist Church willingly supported us, saying, 'Maybe it's a passing fancy, but go ahead.' The local community backed us, too."

That's when the Atlantic Street Center began in



earnest to concentrate on troubled predelinquents—12 and 13-year-olds who were persistent behavior problems at home and at school. They verged on serious trouble but hadn't yet plunged over the brink.

"Nobody wanted them," Ike recalls. "Schools certainly didn't appreciate them, because they were lousing things up there. Social agencies had the same reaction. In our own work areas, we didn't appreciate them when they were terrorizing the neighborhood and breaking up our programs.

"They weren't wanted in church because, after all, they weren't dressed appropriately and didn't talk in an appropriate way. They were the outstanding sinners—and if you're too blatant a sinner, you are really rejected.

"I think it's a characteristic attitude of institutions,

groups had been set up, and where accepted scientific standards had been followed throughout.)

At about the same time, a United Nations report was published which supported the conclusions of Ike's staff. The report, on *Methods Used for Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency*, found that it was "extremely rare to find written into this predelinquency field a provision for even the most elementary kind of evaluation."

Most of the studies, Ike says, were crash programs that were hurriedly conceived, swiftly concluded, and speedily forgotten. The vital problem of preventing delinquency, he felt, demanded long-range study, and he proposed to make a start on it.

He suffered three years of rejections and a congressional budget cut that stopped his research plan



*Atlantic Street Center is located ideally for Ike's research—in a transitional area south of downtown which has more juvenile delinquency than any other district in the city of Seattle.*

including churches, that when people don't come to us, we figure they are the ones who are hard to reach. However, as we changed our format and went out after the troubled boys, we found we had more than we could care for.

"That was one issue: reaching them. But another question bugged us. Were we being effective?"

In their efforts to help the boys, the Atlantic Street Center staff in 1961 turned to research studies and found, to their amazement and dismay, that only five solidly researched studies in delinquency prevention had been done anywhere in the nation since 1937, and every one of them had reported failure. (These were studies in which both control and experimental

after the National Institute of Mental Health finally had approved it. Eventually, however, his endurance paid off with the \$396,500 grant from NIMH—and a chance to try new theories in an untamed field.

Several researchers and social workers were added to the staff, and methodically they began to design a research program to test the effectiveness of work with predelinquents.

First they had to find a way to identify youngsters who would get into trouble in the future.

"It seems a simple thing," says Ike. "All you do is look around and pick them out. I mean, everybody knows who's going to be in trouble. But when we tried to formalize the way in which this diagnosis

could be made, we couldn't uncover in previous studies any method which proved accurate.

"So we tried looking at elementary school records of students then in high school. We checked grades, attendance, deportment—you name it. Everything we could think of we gathered and ran into a computer.

"One of the things that came out was the fact that nothing fails like failure. Those youngsters who had school-discipline or juvenile-court problems in grade school were excellent candidates to have further difficulty during junior high school."

Next, all the boys who were about to enter Seattle's Washington and Meany Junior High Schools were ranked according to the likelihood of future trouble. Then the center recruited 54 with some of the worst prospects, while spotting for later comparison an equal number whose futures looked equally dismal.

James R. Seaberg, now a part-time consultant but a full-time social worker while the five-year study was in progress, was one of three persons responsible for recruiting boys. Since participation in the center's research project was voluntary, he first recruited 18 boys—his clients—and their families by persuading them that he could help them.

He became a father-figure for some, a group recreation leader for others. He talked to disgruntled mothers, helped pregnant but unwed sisters. He responded to repeated crises: a father deserting his family, a boy stabbing one of his schoolmates, another on the verge of being permanently expelled from school, a third being subjected to false arrest.

His aims were always the same: to help each boy get out of trouble, stay out of trouble, and find a valid place for himself in society.

In the swirl of events, how was he to keep track of all the things being done for each boy—which were the raw ingredients of the research project?

The usual procedure had been to write in story form what happened, but researchers had found this practically impossible to use for evaluation. For instance, one classic study contained 22,000 single-spaced typewritten pages.

Researchers said, "The narrative form is wrong," but they didn't suggest what was right.

Ike thought it over: "With our 'huge' staff, which by now consisted of three social workers, a supervisor, and myself, what were we to do?"

"The chances were excellent that we would fail, as had the five other carefully documented programs we studied. But we felt we couldn't continue to work with these boys without committing ourselves to finding better methods.

"We finally came up with a coded recording system, using numbers to stand for each kind of service the social worker provided. Through a computer system, we can retrieve information and have it in seconds. Ours was the first project in the U.S. which recorded exactly what was done for each of the 18 boys.

"This was important. After all, before you can improve anything you have to know what went into the original design."

For the first time in the research literature of de-

linquency prevention, Ike saw a solid gain recorded. Boys who were helped by the center got into significantly less serious trouble than those in the comparison group. The conclusions were based on a "severity scale" which the center had developed when it could find no other reliable research tool.

Among those boys Ike calls Phi Beta Kappas—those who seemed headed for the worst trouble—the improvement was most significant. However, their academic work didn't improve, and many questions remain. The two-year follow-up should answer some of them, but Ike considers that just a start.

"A permanent research center is what we need," he believes. "We have to refine and refine and refine. The trouble with most of us is that we're devoted to immediate solutions and crash programs. We don't have any patience. We want a supersonic transport when we don't yet have a Piper Cub. If we can mature to the point where we can admit we don't know much, then we'll be ready to head in the right direction.

"It may take 5 years, or 10 or 15, to sell the idea for a permanent research center," he says, "but we're going to stick with it."

As executive director of Atlantic Street Center, Ike doesn't work directly with the young people it serves. The center's social workers do the day-to-day contact work with the teens and their families, and feed the information they gather to researchers, who compute the results.

MEANWHILE, Ike has become a salesman of ideas—with the local Model Cities project, on a governor's crime committee, with his own board of directors, with professional social-work groups throughout the country, and within The United Methodist Church.

Everywhere he goes, he hammers away at his theme: "We must specialize. We have to aim for excellence. We can't be second rate."

He's trying to peddle the same idea to United Methodism's Board of Missions.

"For 14 of my 15 years here," he says, "this 'Methodist-supported' agency got \$4,500 basic financing from the Board of Missions. This year we're getting \$11,500, but next year that may drop somewhat because the board is spread too thin.

"I'm suggesting a radical idea: that within the next five years the board phase out 80 percent of its projects and that they go all out to really fund the rest, with a high expectation of quality and standards."

He feels much the same way about local churches—that they should have a single major area of concern rather than trying a scattershot approach to all the problems that come along.

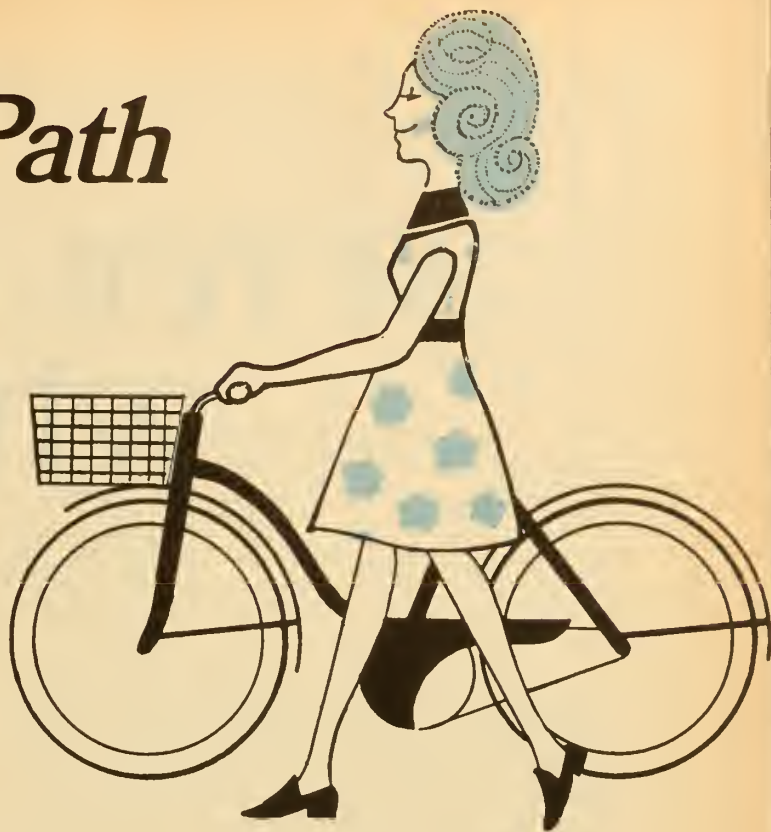
"That's what we are trying to demonstrate here," he says. "Good intentions are fine, but they alone won't do the job—especially if they are diffused or misdirected.

"Besides, shouldn't Christians—even more than others—be trying to develop new, first-class social-action strategies that make their efforts more effective and more humane?" □



# Primrose Path

By JEAN S. LACEY



"MOM, YOU'RE just not *progressive!*"

Chip thinks I should exchange my plump-tired Primrose for a new, lightweight bicycle with three speeds and hand brakes. I suppose there is much to be said for thin-framed, gear-garbed racers. They look jaunty, sleek, and labor-free.

Primrose does not. She's built like a steamroller. Some days her wheels seem more like manhole covers. But through the years, she has shown no temperament on weight, work, weather, or warranty.

Unlike my son's trim, 10-speed rig, my venerable Viking hasn't had a sick day in her life. Chip's bike shines with snobbish dandyism, but it is a frequent patient at the bicycle hospital. Primrose scorns such afflictions. With just an occasional oiling, cleaning, and a little free air in her tires, she provides solid security.

Motorless and odorless, she neither lets me down with expensive carburetor trouble nor muddies the atmosphere with fumes. She doesn't boil over in the hottest weather; and when the mercury dives, she doesn't fail to start when I step on her pedals.

In all of us, there is a little fiendishness waiting to be freed. But modern conveniences weave webs of frustrations. We become more lazy, more flabby, more inflexible. Push a button, flick a switch, turn a knob—everything is at our finger tips. Let hang the rest of the body that cries for exercise and expression.

That's why I appreciate Primrose so much. Her progress completely depends on my physical labor. She has a habit of stopping when I don't push my legs up and down. I may come home stiff and tired, but continual exertion has put sluggish corpuscles into action, shiftless muscles to work, and shallow-breathing lungs to full usefulness. Added to these profits are the extra dividends of mental and emotional rejuvenation.

Besides reducing "too too solid flesh," my alter ego also restricts overindulgence in shopping. I resist many temptations on supermarket shelves because I am forced to keep Primrose's basket capacity in mind. My piggy bank runneth over.

We have seen a lot together. As free agents, we have occupied front-row center for fires, police actions, parades. We have watched a field mouse give birth; and we have surveyed damages inflicted by a hurricane. We often are first on the scene of life's showiest spectacles and of its homeliest daily dramas.

While one may smile at strangers from a car window, one doesn't stop and chat. A bicycle rider

moseying by, however, encourages people to speak up with warm enthusiasm. Personal life accounts and opinions often are revealed to a lady on a bicycle.

A housewife sweeping her walk is pleased to have her smile returned with a compliment about her roses. Conversation becomes easy when all that separates is a broom and a bicycle.

A talkative stripling on Bryant Street tells me why he hates carrots or how his cat takes a bath. We are good friends.

"Hi, Mrs. Lady on the bike!" he called one day.

"Hi, Mr. Boy on the trike!" I said, braking to a stop. "Have you been around the world on your trike this morning?"

"That's silly! That's a hundred miles!" he replied, with a boyish grin of enjoyment.

He says Primrose is a funny name for a bike. He is going to give his trike a better name. We give it some thought each time we meet.

Older people open their hearts with such exclamations as, "Oh my, how that reminds me of my Nebraska childhood! I rode a bike to the one-room, country schoolhouse!"

Not all elderly residents stop to spin a yarn, however. There's a seventyish lady in this city who is too busy enjoying the tonic of a two-wheeler herself. Her pink face and sparking smile reflect her rapture with life. Nor rain nor old wolves' dry whistles can slow this elfin packet of zip and dash. Her reedy legs send her flashing by, maneuvering through heaviest traffic with the unruffled aplomb of a teen-ager. It wouldn't surprise me to see her go by "no hands" some day.

When Primrose and I meet her, she calls out gaily, "It's the *only* way to travel!" There is no doubt in my mind that she'll continue her intrepid travels for many years to come—just as will Primrose and I. □

# AFTER EASTER, WHAT?

By RICHARD W. HARRINGTON

Pastor, Spencer Ripley United Methodist Church  
Rochester, New York

*For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, that he was buried, that he was raised on the third day . . . that he appeared to Cephas, then to the twelve. Then . . . to more than five hundred brethren . . . Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all . . . he appeared also to me.*

—1 Corinthians 15:3-8

"I WAS INJURED in an automobile accident and my margin between life and death was narrow. After several weeks in the hospital, the day came when I was allowed to go home.

"God never made a more beautiful day. As we drove along the streets, I stared at people on the sidewalks, unable to understand how they could stroll along with seeming unconcern, seeing nothing special about the day. I wanted to shout to them: 'Isn't this a glorious day!'"

This was an experience of G. Ernest Thomas, longtime staff member of the United Methodist Board of Evangelism. It expresses quite well the feelings I have every year on Monday, the day after Easter, as I make my way through city streets, from house to house, and from hospital to hospital. I feel it even more in the barren emptiness of the church sanctuary.

On Easter the streets are crowded with humanity hurrying to and from lily-bedecked sanctuaries, smiling at one another, all in one way or another acknowledging the miracle of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Even the traffic jams seem to proclaim, "He is risen!" Friends and strangers alike swell the mighty chorus: "Alleluia!" That is Easter Sunday.

But on Monday Jesus is forced again into his tomb. As I pass by Monday's people on the streets, I want to shout: "Isn't this a glorious day; my Lord is alive, he conquered the grave, he has overcome the bonds of sin and death—Jesus Christ is Lord!" The echoing walls of the empty church sanctuary, remembering the joyous praise of the day before, seem to cry out: "Where are you, O men of God?" But there is no one to hear, and the faces that pass by on the street show anxiety, gloom, and indifference.

Another facet of the post-Easter slump is the secular promotion connected with this religious season. Not long after the tinsel and holly and lights of Christmas have been tucked into storage, store windows and television screens emblazon the styles of spring. Easter bunnies appear with colored eggs, and the lily—symbol of resurrection—becomes the promotional gimmick to replace the Christ child in the manger.

## Sick and Tired of Easter

By the time Easter arrives, Mr. Public is sick and tired, and the Easter Monday relapse is merely a retreat to fortify him for the inevitable Memorial Day and Fourth of July promotions.

Contributing also to this unapostolic letdown is the church itself. The period of Lent is undoubtedly the most taxing insofar as church activity is concerned. Lenten study groups, special services and projects all receive so much attention and insistence that Easter Monday finds Christians seeking spiritual retreat from the "go, go, go."

All of us, at one time or another, get fed up with the secular gorging that takes place in connection with Christian festivals. We hate it, but we also contribute to it. After all, we have to give some religious balance to the secularization. There are many who attend worship during Lent and Holy Week who never come at any other time, and you have to get your licks in when the ground is fertile.

At precisely the time when our spirits ought to be soaring in orbit, we are lucky to be able to fire the first stage. At the moment when we ought to be so infused with the message of the Resurrection that we want to shout it from the mountaintops, we are so beaten and battered by the pre-Easter overdose of religious time capsules that we are not sure the Resurrection is a good idea at all.

What is the Christian's pattern as he responds to the joy of the Resurrection faith? The apostle Paul tells us that Jesus appeared to him and caused a sweeping rearrangement of his life. He decided to follow Christ through persecution and peril to proclaim his Resurrection faith even in the face of stonings and the sword.



## They Overcame Defeat

If we study the events that took place in the lives of the defeated disciples before and after the death of Jesus and then the excited and joyous faith that bolted forth from them after they experienced his Resurrection, we see a radical change. In their response we find the answer also to our question, "After Easter—What?"

Even before Jesus died, the disciples were giving up. In the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus was betrayed with a kiss, it was easy for them to slink off into the darkness. Only Peter followed Jesus on that night of his trial—but Peter (the Rock) denied his Lord three times.

These faithless men knew well that this was not the first time that a man had been mistaken for the promised Messiah. Others had been mistaken for the "King of kings," and now their latest hope was lying in a tomb. His followers' only safety lay in barring their doors against the world.

But look at the first followers of Jesus after his Resurrection appearance to them. We find them new men—as though risen from the dead themselves—coming from behind locked doors, casting off the shackles of their own graves of disheartenment and despair.

Suddenly these disciples are vividly alive, they possess a dynamic and undying faith, and the Word of life they proclaim is vibrant with a newfound hope. Their fear of persecution, though not wiped entirely away, is unimportant now because they are convinced that they truly have a savior. The Son of God, the Messiah is none other than Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's son. He lives and because he lives they, too, shall live—even if they die. Let the Roman authorities feast on that awhile!

If you are looking for proof of the Resurrection, here is where to find it, for nothing short of this complete miracle could have prided these men from their disbelief. And this new hope caused them to invade the world for Jesus Christ.

Overnight a handful of defeated followers of the man from Nazareth became a legion of Christian soldiers, armed with the grace and love of God, marching forth boldly to claim the world as they preached "repentance and forgiveness of sins . . . in his name to all nations."

Such change was wrought by his appearance that, on the day of Pentecost when the disciples received the power of the Holy Spirit, Peter the "father of denial" could stand and command: "Men of Judea and all who dwell in Jerusalem, let this be known to you, and give ear to my words." And he preached to them: Jesus, the risen Lord.

So strong was the witness and the power of the risen Lord, that Stephen, as he died a martyr's death, could pray much as Jesus had prayed on the cross: "Lord, do not hold this sin against them."

It would seem, in a fair appraisal of the biblical record of the faith of these early Christians, that we in our day have turned the witnessing spirit completely around. Where with the apostles the collapse, the despair, the feeling of exhausted defeat came *before* Easter, it is then that we fill our lives with wearisome activity. We scurry here and there like disturbed ants, getting last minute decorations, clothing, "Easter" baskets, rushing to every worship innovation the pastor can dream up—seeking to

work out our own salvation, as it were, by our own "much-doing and much-going."

But after the Easter experience, when the disciples became a vital and vocal group, singing praises to God in the temple and spreading the good tidings of faith, it is at this time that we fall in a helpless, impotent heap. We call off our regular activities, the preachers hibernate to recuperate. Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of the world, is quieted, rolled carefully into the spicy folds of his grave-cloth, and the stone is rolled into place until another "holy" season shows its radiant dawn.

## The Resurrection Miracle

To diagnose a situation is relatively easy. The difficulty is to supply the right remedy in such a way as to alleviate the symptoms of the illness.

We have pointed to a few symptoms that cause this triumphant reversal—the secular gorging, the economic merchandising, the meaningless activity supplied by the church—and we probably could add more. But these are merely symptoms.

The real illness, the "bug" behind this reaction, is our rejection of Jesus Christ. Yes, rejection, even by those of us who gather weekly to pay our respects to Jesus and God and the Holy Spirit. Jesus is a nice guy and all that jazz so long as he lets us get holy at our convenience, but when he dares to stake out *his* claim on our whole lives, as he inevitably does, then it's "Back to the tomb with you, Jesus!"

It's so much easier to wear his cross around our necks or keep his picture on our wall or ride him around in our car as a dashboard decoration than it is to give him a place in our lives.

And yet this is precisely the right diagnosis—the malady from which we suffer is *lack of Jesus Christ in our daily routine and diet of life*. The only remedy or miracle drug we can use to get well is to open ourselves to him and to accept his influence in our lives.

Lewis E. Wethington, a professor at Union Theological Seminary in the Philippines, made a statement which I shall never forget and which is appropriate to our collective sickness. He said: "God in Christ—that is Christmas. Christ in us—that is Easter."

Letting Jesus enter our lives means letting him govern our thoughts, our words, our actions, our every breath.

When we believe that God was in Christ, we accept Christ for our own and seek to follow where he leads. Then it will not be that Jesus was born, that he *did* live, that he was tried, that he was crucified, dead and buried, that he *did* rise, *did* speak to men—but suddenly everything is transposed into the present tense. It touches the very moment of our existence. We find that Jesus is born in us every day, *is* tried, crucified, and buried by our sins every day. And every day he rises to walk with us onward and forward in a commitment of love, as we proclaim "repentance and forgiveness of sins in his name to all nations."

After Easter—what? After Easter—faith! Faith that will lead us to the grace and love of God, that will cause us to keep upon our lips and in our hearts, not just today, but every day, the swelling strain: "Christ the Lord is risen . . . today! Alleluia!" □

# Bright NEW Church Architecture

TO BUILD a church, many have said, is in fact to make a theological statement. What a congregation of Christians "says" in the arrangement of steel, wood, glass, and stone to create space for its common worship is eloquent testimony of what it believes about the relationship of man, through Christ, to God.

What constitutes "good" religious architecture in the 1960s? To answer, one must ask other, more fundamental, questions: What acts of worship are essential for Christians? What spaces and furnishings are required to carry out these acts? No building can be called good if it fails to provide space adequate for the functions it is intended to serve. At the same time, as Dr. James F. White wrote in *Protestant Worship and Church Architecture* (Oxford University Press, \$6): "No perfect church has ever been built; even if it were to be built, modifications in concepts of worship would in time make it less than ideal."

On the following nine pages are pictures and descriptions of five new United Methodist buildings which, if not "perfect," at least embody elements of design and arrangement which are essential for contemporary Christian worship. Because the primary concern of the article is with worship space, the pictures and floor plans do not show other

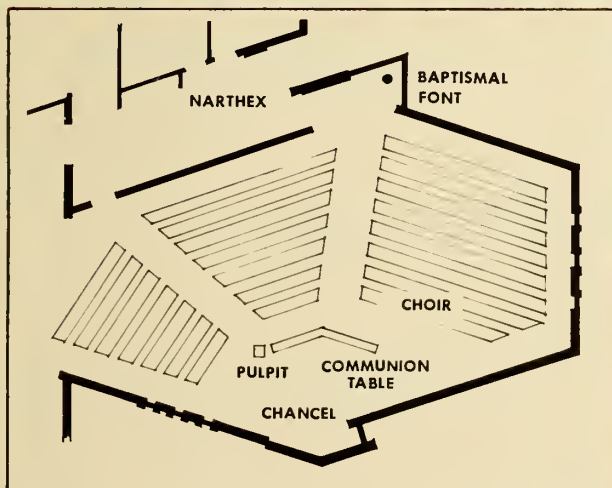
facilities—offices, educational rooms, fellowship halls, and parlors—in each church's overall building program. All five churches are distinguished by their serious attention to the fundamental first question of congregational worship and by their achievements of distinctive style and beauty on relatively modest building budgets.—Your Editors

## In Carpentersville, Ill.

Trinity United Methodist Church of Carpentersville is a young congregation, both in its history and in the average age of its membership. Chartered on December 2, 1962, with 73 members, the church serves a moderate-income community which has grown rapidly on the Chicago metropolitan fringe.

When architect Leroy W. Bonesz was chosen to design the Trinity building in 1964, the congregation already had been through a period of self-study to produce theological guidelines. They called for the building to be "a visual embodiment of the church's life." The result is an asymmetrically shaped nave with two worship centers: the chancel with its free-standing altar-table and pulpit, and the baptismal font at the sanctuary's main entrance. To Trinity members





Exterior light from a long slit window in the side of the tower illuminates the chancel niche which is the central focus of worship in the Carpentersville church. Liturgical banners, made by women of the church and changed with seasons of the church year, hang in the niche behind a wide, wedge-shaped Communion table. The baptismal font (foreground) is located symbolically near the sanctuary's entrance, and the choir is seated in the nave as a part of the worshipping congregation.









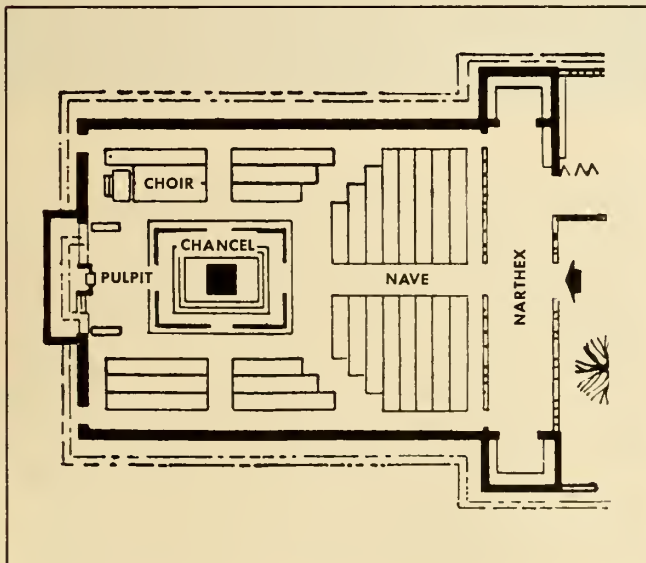
this dual focus symbolizes entrance into the Christian life through Baptism and continuing sustenance in the life of faith through the Word (both written and proclaimed) and the sacrament of Holy Communion.

Seating space for 200 persons (approximately the present membership) can be expanded for 75 more worshipers by opening a folding partition to the adjoining multipurpose room. Consecrated on December 5, 1965, the structure was built at a cost of \$99,450. The Rev. Richard C. Spaine was pastor during the planning and construction. The congregation now is served by the Rev. Edward D. Stach.

## In Waukesha, Wis.

Salem United Methodist Church faced a difficult decision early in the 1960s when it became clear that more space was needed for its expanding program. The former Evangelical United Brethren congregation, now 116 years old, had a proud history in downtown Waukesha, Wis. But its site was small and could not be expanded. Salem members decided the church had to be moved. In June, 1966, they consecrated a complete new plant on the east edge of Waukesha.

More than anything else, the Salem congregation wished to preserve in its new sanctuary the feeling of closeness between pastor and people which characterized the old building. To accomplish this, architect George Schuett designed a structure of not unusual long-nave style, but in the placement of pulpit, Communion table, and pews, he symbolized the concept of worship as the family of God gathered around the Lord's table. Suspended above it is an unconventional sculptured steel cross. Worshipers, including the choir, face the table and its surrounding



On its spacious new 11.4-acre site, the Salem congregation now has ample room for further expansion. The floor plan (below left) shows only a portion of the complete new plant. A central feature is its open courtyard (below) which is readily visible from interior rooms on three sides. As an inviting spot for conversation before and after worship services, the courtyard harmonizes with the sanctuary's design by fostering fellowship and a feeling of closeness. The court is landscaped with trees, shrubs, and flowers.





Communion rail from three sides. Pastor Robert A. Dennert conducts most of the worship from the table, moving to the pulpit, which is centered on the table's fourth side, only for Scripture readings and the sermon. This practice, he feels, emphasizes the centrality of the Word. Opposite the pulpit, on the side of the table nearest the main sanctuary entrance, is the baptismal font, portable so that it can be moved for weddings, funerals, or other special services. With sanctuary seating for 300, the entire new plant was erected and furnished at a cost of \$320,000, including the site, landscaping, and other improvements.

## In Grand Island, N.Y.

Grand Island, N.Y., an island in the Niagara River between the cities of Buffalo and Niagara Falls, is the home of Trinity United Methodist Church, another former Evangelical United Brethren congregation. Once predominantly rural, the island now is crossed by a section of the New York Thruway (Interstate 190), and this has opened the island to settlement by increasing numbers of commuter families whose breadwinners work in the two nearby cities. Century-old Trinity Church, the island's largest Protestant con-

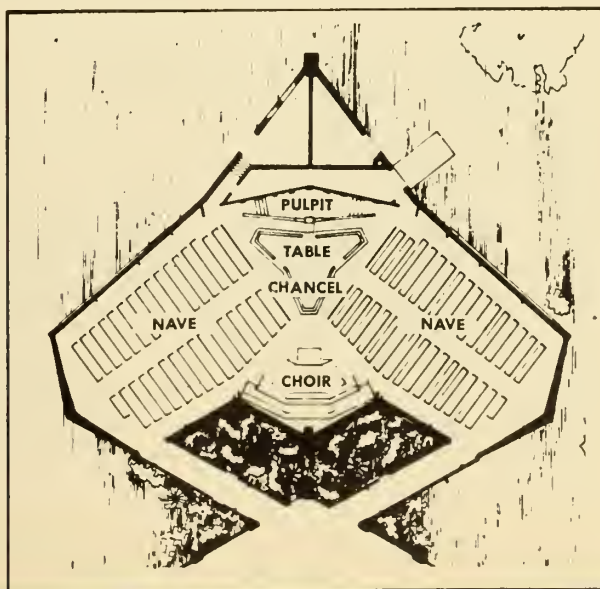




*Behind the unusual twin-nave design of Trinity Church was the desire to provide sufficient space for a growing congregation while keeping a minimum distance between the farthest pew (where this picture was made) and the worship center. The 30-foot chancel cross, designed by artist Roy Calligan who also did the windows, was constructed by Trinity members of epoxy, steel, and aluminum. Stone used in the building is from a nearby quarry, the rugged dolomite which has kept Niagara Falls from eroding.*

gregation, with 900 members, now projects eventual growth to 1,500. Thanks to the foresight of leaders who bought 15 acres for their old church some years ago, the congregation was prepared for expansion.

Built in 1965-66 at a cost of about \$300,000, the new plant consists of what are seemingly two adjoining structures. Because of the typically mobile nature of congregations in suburban communities, the Trinity building committee asked its architect, John Highland, to provide major space which would immediately invite people to enter into fellowship. This was done by making the main routes of entry into the







sanctuary through a large diamond-shaped "family room." From this homelike room, where worshipers meet and visit informally before and after services, two corridors lead into the twin-naved sanctuary. But more than serving merely as passageways, the corridors are intended to foster a transition of mood from the informality of the family-room fellowship to a more reverent attitude of worship in the sanctuary.

A triangular Communion table and surrounding rail are centered at the point where the two naves come together under the highest point of the steeply pitched roof. The pulpit, constructed of the same native dolomite stone used in the exterior walls, stands beneath a massive rugged cross on the chancel wall and is slightly elevated. Choir and organ are opposite the pulpit at the intersection of the two naves on the same level as other worshipers. Total seating capacity is 450. At the time the new building was erected, Trinity's pastor was the Rev. John M. Larsen. The Rev. James A. Lange is head pastor now.

## In Malibu, Calif.

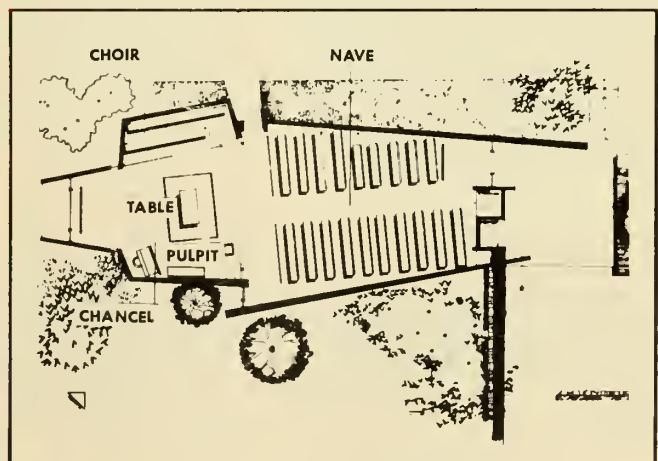
Members of Malibu United Methodist Church have grown accustomed to hearing visitors say of their new building: "It doesn't look like a church." Some members felt that way themselves when they first saw the stark lines of its angular stuccoed exterior. Once inside, however, most visitors change their minds. Vivid color, especially in the massive faceted-glass chancel window, and the rich wood tones of its Brazilian-walnut furnishings and cedar ceiling combine to give the sanctuary unusual warmth. Its small size (seating capacity is 125) adds intimacy and family-like quality to its worship atmosphere.

Dominant feature of the sanctuary is the chancel window, designed by Mrs. Richard Schreiber, a member of the church. She and a dozen other members worked about five months, cutting and chipping the inch-thick pieces of glass in 20 colors, crushing and





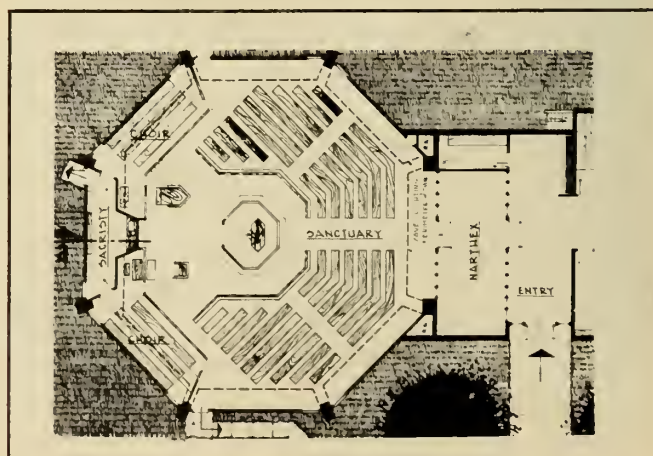
Though contemporary in its overall design, the Malibu sanctuary provides a traditional pattern for worship. Communion table, pulpit, lectern, and choir (benches at right, above) all are in the chancel area, and all congregational seating faces the worship center. A large clerestory window, seen as the scoop-like structure atop the church in the picture at left, casts subdued outdoor light directly on the table and a plain white cross suspended from the ceiling.







Octagonal design, an architectural pattern favored by John Wesley for early Methodist meetinghouses, was used by architect Dwight Bonham in the sanctuary plan he drew for United Methodists of Harper, Kans. Wesley liked the shape because it brought listeners close to the preacher in pre-public-address system days. In Harper it serves also to draw worshipers symbolically around a central Communion table and a suspended cross. Above the skylight is a bell tower, seen from outside the church in the picture at left.





sifting native California stone to create the dull charcoal-colored finish covering for the epoxy cement which holds the window's pieces together. Because all work was donated, the cost was under \$500.

The chapel and an adjacent educational building, separated by a landscaped patio, were erected in 1965 as the first development of a master building plan for the young congregation, now eight years old. Total cost of the two structures was \$85,000. Their 3½-acre site, in the saddle of a bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, was purchased earlier by the Southern California-Arizona Annual Conference for \$37,500.

Architect Richard Dorman's design for the Malibu United Methodists has attracted wide attention, including an exhibition award from the California chapter of the American Institute of Architects. Photographs of the church were included in a traveling exhibit of some 30 award winners. Minister at the time of construction was the Rev. Warren R. Walker. The Rev. Gilbert S. Walker is pastor now.

## In Harper, Kans.

Unlike all four of the other United Methodist churches included in this article, First Church of Harper serves a small, stable community too far from a metropolitan center to make sizable growth likely within the near future. Planning for the new building began in 1966 with all 500 members of the congregation invited to participate in the studies of six committees. The architectural design which evolved from the committees' work includes not only the sanctuary, whose floor plan is shown on the facing page, but also a larger wing which extends to the right from the sanctuary. At its far end is a second octagon housing classrooms, kitchen, and fellowship hall. The rectangular portion of the building between the two octagons contains offices, a small chapel, and, at basement level, additional classrooms and a recreation room. Except for this basement space, used primarily by young people, the entire plant is at ground level for easy entry by elderly and handicapped persons.

Sixty feet above the ground and visible for some miles across surrounding farmland, the church's cross is supported by the crownlike bell tower formed above the sanctuary by the top ends of eight sweeping wood arches which give the sanctuary its octagonal shape. Directly beneath the tower a skylight brings daylight into the sanctuary. Both sacraments of Holy Communion and Baptism are administered from the central stone table, and the chancel arrangement is balanced by lectern and pulpit and

seating space for two choirs on either side. Choir and nave seating capacity totals 314, and space in the nave and narthex provides for about 90 more.

Cost of the entire building, including furnishings, was \$197,000. It was consecrated in April, 1968, with the Rev. J. Edsel White as pastor. The Rev. H. Gene Shoemaker served the congregation during early stages of the building program.

**I**N EACH of the five churches pictured and described on the preceding pages, basic ideas about Christian worship have been put into concrete form. These ideas are most readily discerned, perhaps, in the floor plans which show spatial relationships between the worshipers and the liturgical centers.

When a congregation sets out to create a setting for its worship, the members soon discover that they are deeply involved in studying what worship is. What kind of liturgy best expresses their beliefs about worship? What space and what arrangement of furnishings will best serve the worship style?

Surprisingly, perhaps, Christians of many traditions have come to share some fundamental ideas about worship space. For instance: Because worship is the gathering together of a community of believers, the people of God, the sanctuary should be arranged so that all are actively involved as participants, not as observers, and each is as close as possible to the centers of action. Choirs should be placed so as to symbolize their role of offering anthems and choral responses on behalf of the entire congregation as gifts to God, not as acts performed to entertain or even simply to inspire the worshipers themselves.

Communion tables, freestanding and absolute, have taken on a stronger Christian character, and baptismal fonts are being designed to give this sacrament the dignity it deserves. The pulpit, symbolic of the proclaimed Word, shares prominence with table and font but does not dominate them.

A general direction in contemporary church design seems to stress a basic understanding of what the church building is. A figure of speech, used perhaps too freely by adults talking to children, refers to the church as "the house of God." But Christian belief gives no support to the suggestion that God is somehow localized in any one place, even a house of worship. More properly, a church should be thought of as a house for the people of God. Then, if form truly does follow function, the design of a church must be determined not by what it will look like on the outside but by what the people will *do* inside. What that means is that a church should be planned from the inside out. —Paige Carlin

# THE ROMAN CATHOLIC REFORMATION

**L**AST SUMMER I spent two memorable weeks at Woodstock College, a Jesuit seminary in the rolling hills of Maryland, west of Baltimore—as the only Protestant in a group of more than 100 Catholic theologians, priests, and nuns.

I had secured an invitation to participate in their "Theology: Search and Service" institute because of my involvement in increasing dialogue and teaching interchange between Hamline University and a nearby Catholic women's college in Saint Paul, Minn.

My experiences at Woodstock were as varied as cavorting with priests and nuns at water polo and volleyball, participating in an "underground church" mass, celebrating a nun's new knee-length habit and the resumption of her baptismal name, and discussing theology and politics long into the night.

I was completely accepted (at first, I was called "father" two dozen times a day!) and came away convinced that, at present, it is far more exciting to be a Catholic than a Protestant. For whatever our historical principles, Catholicism is in healthy ferment and can surely claim to be the "protestant" church today—that is, "the church reformed, but always to be reformed."

I grew up in a small Midwestern town during the 1930s and '40s and absorbed the latent anti-Catholic animus of the WASP (white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant) establishment. Everything "Roman" was subversive of the American Way—or so we thought—and most Methodists were vigilant lest a Catholic become a member of the school board or an athletic coach. An even greater fear was that one might someday occupy the White House.

Years later, I freed myself of these tribal myths through interreligious contact on a human-rights commission, in political campaigns, and in the peace movement. I began to realize that however "up tight" theologically the church had trained me to be in regard to Catholics, we shared deep and fundamental convictions about human dignity and social justice. Ironically, it was in such "secular" rather than "religious" work that I became a more open person.

The Woodstock conference was held soon after Pope





A Protestant professor of religion mingles with priests and nuns for an inside look at the Vatican's worst kept secret and comes to the private conclusion that, at present, it is far more exciting to be a Catholic. The church is in healthy ferment, he finds, and can surely claim to be the modern 'protestant' church.

By WALTER W. BENJAMIN

Chairman, Department of Religion  
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Saint Paul, Minnesota

Paul's encyclical on birth control (*Humanae Vitae*), and conversation naturally focused on this controversial document in which the Pope banned any use of birth-control devices or drugs. Its widespread repudiation by otherwise loyal Catholics indicates that Catholicism's whole edifice of authority is being challenged. None of the conference participants with whom I talked accepted the encyclical without some qualification. Obviously, "Rome has spoken" no longer convinces the doubtful or silences the outspoken.

As one Jesuit put it, "*Humanae Vitae* is the last gasp of a papacy construed in absolutist monarchical terms. From now on, the Pope will have to listen to us and the world; he will have to function more like a 'chairman of the board.'"

### Old Order Vs. New Breed

Simply put, the old order—symbolized by the Vatican Curia and upheld by numerous bishops, priests, and more conservative laymen—has a different view of the church and the *magisterium* (its teaching and ruling authority granted by Christ) than the new breed. The older order has a static world view where the truth is known and is possessed by the church. Eternal truths discovered through natural law, they believe, reveal timeless obligations for the Christian in regard to the state, sex, and work.

This point of view produces an unconscious dichotomy between the church and world, sacred and secular, and makes honest dialogue between old order and new breed extremely difficult.

Vatican officialdom, for the most part, refuses to accept the plurality and diversity of the world today. It seems more concerned with identity, setting up rules and restrictions that keep Catholics separate, than with bringing Christ into the world. "The Church has not recognized the maturity of the people of God," lamented one priest. "It continues to treat us like children, telling us what is good and what is a 'no-no.'" As a result, people are revolting, demanding to be heard.

Many theologians believe it was only during the past two centuries that the papacy escalated its claims and

set the stage for today's "ecclesiastical authority gap." As science and social liberalism opened new frontiers in the 19th and 20th centuries, an increasingly insecure hierarchy turned its back on the world and condemned dissent, novelty, and liberating forces and ideas.

During the 19th century, Pius IX pronounced anathemas on most of the freedoms which modern man holds dear, and the First Vatican Council elevated the pope to infallibility on matters of faith and morals. Catholicism today is paying a heavy price for its post-Reformation "siege mentality" and for not having structural protection for open debate and dissent. "We now are finding out something that Protestantism and business corporations have known for some time," said one East Coast priest. "If all groups within a community are not involved and listened to in a decision-making process, then they will not view that decision with any personal support or loyalty."

This much is sure: the growing movement toward collegiality—shared decision-making and responsibility in Roman Catholicism—cannot be stopped. The Third Vatican Council, whenever it comes, undoubtedly will have lay representatives as well as clergy, female as well as male.

"The papacy now is being ruthlessly demythologized," observed one young Jesuit. "What we were long led to believe was the product of divine guidance has turned out to be nothing more mystical than the domination of an ecclesiastical power elite that has lost touch with reality."

"For centuries our people have lazily nursed upon the bosom of Holy Mother Church," a priest from South Africa commented satirically. "Now they are waking up to find the old lady has falsies!"

Catholic bishops find themselves in a terrible predicament. On the one hand they are hung up on their loyalty to the Pope and the traditional teaching about authority that they endorsed at Vatican II; on the other, they have a dissident laity and rebellious clergy to deal with—too numerous to purge, too independent to cow, too convinced to persuade.

Many modern priests, unlike their medieval counter-

parts, do not view the church as an extension of themselves. Rather than giving their lives to an ecclesiastical institution and continuing the old vocational style of "saving souls," they are choosing worldly service.

"I'm a very troubled priest," confessed a young Boston cleric. "Last summer on my two-week vacation I went down to the beach, slept in the sand several nights, and got to know some hippies very well. I think I could have a more meaningful ministry there than under my conservative pastor."

Like Bonhoeffer, the modern priest sees the Christian faith as the critic of the Christian religion. Not for him are the "brick and mortar" idols of years gone by. He wants to build community among the estranged and alienated, not parochial schools and hospitals. He is more concerned that people care than that they believe or disbelieve.

"I don't think dogma is a burden," argued an old priest, his voice quavering. "I would count it a privilege to die for dogma!" "Father," countered the lecturer

*"Catholic bishops find themselves in a terrible predicament. . . . They are hung up on their loyalty to the Pope and the traditional teaching about authority . . . they have a dissident laity and a rebellious clergy to deal with—too numerous to purge, too independent to cow, too convinced to persuade."*

gently, "don't die for propositions and creeds; die for people!"

Many priests accept Harvey Cox's insight that Christ is confronted not through ecclesiastical traditions but through social change. The passive reactive priestly model that served to soothe parishioners victimized by demonic structures of society is not for them. Nor is the Irish Pat O'Brien priest prototype that once protected a Catholic minority against WASP imperialism any longer needed. Most American Catholics have come of age and are part of the establishment.

Today's priest realizes that his office does not automatically convey the same authority that it did for his immigrant grandfather. He knows his people make moral decisions with data gathered from a multitude of sources, many of them outside the church. The confessional box now is often empty and the wistful reaction is "I'm being consulted less and enjoying it less!"

Nevertheless, those priests who combine antiauthoritarianism with a charismatic style often have tremendous followings, especially among young people. Father Groppi of Milwaukee, who agitated for jobs and housing for Negroes, the Fathers Berrigan who burned draft records with homemade napalm, and the priests supporting the grape-workers strike in California all are morning stars of the new priesthood.

But what about ecclesiastical censure? "The penalties for being unorthodox today just aren't what they used to be," responded one priest who had been in difficulty

with his bishop. "Besides, the institutional church is not the sole bearer of God's presence in the world; there are a lot of 'anonymous Christians' around!"

### A New Ethical Perspective

One of my most surprising discoveries was that traditional Catholic ethical theory is rapidly breaking out of the defensive and protective "ghetto mentality" that characterized its style during the last few centuries. The old moral stance was too cerebral and legalistic, with every sin assigned a certain "weight." There was a false separation between spirit and matter, soul and body.

"Our spirituality implied that man recharged his spiritual life through the performance of certain spiritual exercises," a nun explained, "and daily contact with the world might involve 'occasions of sin' where our spiritual battery ran down."

In the past, the focus of much Catholic teaching was on a prohibitory "act-morality" that classified certain behavior—premarital intercourse, adultery, suicide, masturbation, homosexuality—as always wrong. With the insights from behavioral sciences in recent decades, liberal theologians are looking at the deeper recesses of the self to find its capacity for freedom, rather than judging only surface deeds. Many are in sympathy with the "new morality" or "situational ethics." They are new moralists insofar as they are trying to extricate their people from a legalistic approach to life; they are "situationalists" in the sense that they give individuals the responsibility for making relevant decisions.

Christian love (agape), many priests feel, is not encapsulated in codes but is positively "helping others." Sin is more a persistent failure of concern or a habit of insensitivity—more a "hurting others"—than it is a three-minute moral lapse.

"A decade ago when my seminary class was lectured about the sex act," volunteered a Kansas City priest, "we were closeted in a room without windows so that the younger men could not hear. Now the sexual hang-up is about gone; discussions on venereal disease, masturbation, and intercourse often take place among laywomen and nuns, and no one gives it a second thought."

The old-order church might be compared to parents who, when they discovered their daughter had committed a trespass, commanded her to kill her dog as restitution for her guilt. They were shocked when she committed suicide.

"This is how we used to look at God," confessed a Jesuit. "For one 'mortal sin'—fornicating or blasphemy—we got our brains blown out by God. Brutal times produced primitive views of God. An era of public executions, child labor, debtor's prisons, and slavery led to the idea of reparations; God, in other words, demanded human suffering."

### A New Vocational Style

New forms of religious vocation are emerging in Roman Catholicism today. Minor seminaries that initiated boys of 12 years of age to the priestly life and restricted them to an all-male environment are being phased out. Besides advancing the age when major church-vocational decisions are made, many seminaries are moving to



college campuses where coeducational experiences—even for intended priests—are normal. Some seminaries even allow priest-candidates to date girls. One result is certain to be that future clerics will have greater maturity and confidence in heterosexual relationships.

Celibacy is one major deterrent for young men considering holy orders today, and will surely be made optional in the near future. "I know we have over-emphasized its ascetic and spiritual values in the past," remarked a priest from Chicago, "but I still think it symbolizes a total commitment and the freedom of service to others." Another added, "There's no difficulty if you are working at full capacity; it is the priest with time on his hands who runs into problems."

### The 'New' Nun

In theory, Catholicism has an exalted view of women, as seen in the veneration of Mary and other female saints. In actuality, however, because of centuries of paternalism, today's nun still has to fight for the rights which her non-Catholic counterpart won decades ago. Traditional Catholic femininity as set by male celibates was a kind of "castrated masculinity," and women were, in the mind of St. Thomas, "defective males."

Vanishing fast, however, are the "sweet sisters" with beatific countenance and eyes downcast in the presence of men, whose only response in confronting injustice was "I shall pray for you." They have discovered that medieval anachronisms such as the habit, regulations as to sleep and outside contacts, and their veneration as sacred persons have limited their freedom and inhibited authentic relationships with the laity and the world.

The "new nun" is restless with traditional hospital and parochial-school work. The action, she believes, is in the ghetto serving the poor and the minorities. The shift will not be easy. Besides conservative bishops, many Catholic laymen have long tended to transfer their own parental responsibilities of religious nurture and discipline on to the teaching orders.

"We were condemned for working for Senator McCarthy," said one Immaculate Heart of Mary sister.

"If you were so interested in politics," responded one layman, "why didn't you show up at precinct meetings before?"

"Because," she said, "in the old days we couldn't even get out at night for that kind of activity."

"We were the first group to be pulled out of the inner city when the riots began in 1967," said an irate Baltimore nun. "Whoever made that decision doesn't really believe we can handle the crucial, rough-and-tumble situations of life."

### Renewal in Liturgy

Daily worship at Woodstock convinced me that the whole structure of the Catholic mass is being renewed. Today it is less vulnerable to charges—from within Catholicism—that it is a magic show of ritual acts carried out in a dead language by a man wearing clothes popular 15 centuries ago. No longer can laymen attend mass because it is another step into eternity, the excuse for a lazy weekend, an appeasement of fortune, a show of solidarity in a Catholic-clan meeting, or a means of

cheap grace. Too rigid and dehydrated in the past, today's worship is becoming more personal and joyful.

"Liturgy is as much a worldly thing as a teen-age dance, a cabinet meeting, or a riot," said a professor of liturgics, "and it stands or falls on its ability to put across—and our willingness to accept—what it has to say about the deepest meaning of the world, life, and death."

Increasing steadily, I learned, is the number of "underground" priests—those who say mass in private homes, usually without episcopal approval, for cells of Christians wishing to form communities of love in the secular city. Not unlike Methodist class meetings of the 18th century, the underground church is able to provide the intimacy, group support, and participation that the impersonal, objective, and traditional mass is unable to do. Many end with a "service of touching"—passing the "peace of Christ" by a handclasp or an embrace—in recognition of the importance of feeling, gesture, and emotion for the human personality. Sometimes communicants are permitted to pick up the bread themselves, rather than having it placed on their tongue by the priest. And in some cases, both bread and wine are used in the Eucharist.

*"However critical Catholicism's immediate problems, the long-run outlook is excellent. . . . Repressive measures by the superorthodox will not ultimately stop the 'de-Romanization' of American Catholicism. For every progressive who despairs and opts out, many others will . . . rally round the credo: 'We are the Church!'"*

On a wider scale, dialogue sermons with laymen, petitionary prayers from the congregation, homilies that confront the big issues rather than parish trivia, and folk masses are steadily increasing in popularity.

Perhaps my greatest surprise at the conference was the deeply felt sense of spiritual equality and community among the participants. In spite of hierarchical grades of great variety—college-president monsignors, theologians of international repute, brothers, priests, seminarians, laymen—there was no visible pecking order, no pulling rank because of office or training. I have experienced a greater concern for station and place in ostensibly more democratic Protestant denominations!

The Woodstock experience convinced me that, however critical Catholicism's immediate problems are, the long-run outlook is excellent. At its disposal are awesome resources of energy, talent, personnel, and finance. Repressive measures by the superorthodox will not ultimately stop the "de-Romanization" of American Catholicism. For every progressive who despairs and opts out, many others will survive all purges and rally around the credo: "We are the Church!"

To the extent that innovation is allowed and a collegial style emerges—with its bishops giving up caution, arbitrariness, uniformity, and defensiveness—Catholicism will be a major force in solving the American crisis and in the renewal of all the people of God. □



People Called Methodists / No. 64 in a Series

Heirs of two worlds, the Kanadas enjoy ...

# Steak on Monday, Sukiyaki on Tuesday





The Robert Kanada (pronounced Kah-nah-dah) family is on the go—a church social hour (above left), Bob's weekly volleyball workout at the church, a Rotary Club meeting, a business conference with one of his accounts at a neighborhood savings and loan association (above), a golf outing, or a visit to the library with four-year-old Kirby. Shirley reads "everything," while Bob sticks to material related to his business. "Kirby reads with us in the evenings," Shirley says. "He thinks that's a great way of getting out of going to bed when he's supposed to." Since these pictures were taken, the Kanada family has grown with the arrival last October of another son, Craig.

AMONG professional people in Beaverton, Oregon, on Portland's western outskirts, only a handful are of Japanese ancestry: a dentist, a doctor, a real-estate broker, a certified public accountant, perhaps some others.

The CPA is Robert S. Kanada, a serious, conscientious young businessman who lives with his wife Shirley and two children just inside the Portland city limits. Bob grew up in Hawaii and came to the mainland in 1951—with only \$200 in his pocket but the firm determination to get a good education.

Enrolling at the University of Oregon in Eugene, Bob paid his way through school by working seven hours a day as a janitor and dishwasher during the school year,





*Bob's around-the-house chores include presiding at the backyard barbecue pit from time to time. Stones on the terrace were collected on family forays to the river. On clear days the Kanadas can see 11,245-foot Mount Hood, the state's highest peak.*

and by harvesting Oregon peas, beans, and cabbage in the summers.

Soon after graduation, Bob met Shirley at a picnic in Portland. After a three-year courtship—during which Bob served a stint in the Navy—they were married.

Following his Navy service, Bob went to work for Sawyers (makers of Viewmasters and now a subsidiary of GAF Corporation) near Portland. "I stayed with them for about a year and decided that private industry was not for me," he recalls. "So in 1959 I went to work with a CPA firm." In 1961 he became a partner. Now he has his own office in Beaverton.

Bob describes his work as basically "assistance to management in small businesses"—tax services, auditing, estate planning, and the like. Bob is concerned about business ethics and does not hesitate to let people know where he stands. Once, for example, he dropped an account when the client wanted to list questionable deductions on his income-tax report.

Bob and Shirley are nisei (second generation Japanese-Americans), and both grew up in Buddhist homes. As a teen-ager Shirley attended Epworth Methodist Church in Portland, however, and served a term as MYF president. (Epworth was the Portland area's first church for Japanese-Americans and is considered the mother church of Japanese Methodism in the Pacific Northwest. The 75-year-old congregation still is almost exclusively Japanese.)

Bob became a Methodist in 1961. As a youngster he had attended Roman Catholic catechism classes, but he had no church affiliation until Shirley convinced him that "the only way to do it was to become a Methodist." They now attend First United Methodist in Portland, "just a few minutes from home when you're going 70 miles an hour on the freeway."

"Church is a big part of our lives, so far as I'm concerned," Bob says. "It's broadened our lives, and has made Shirley and me closer."

Bob will complete a three-year term as church treasurer June 1. He also belongs to United Methodist Men and attends a couples' group with his wife. Last year Shirley was president of Sorelle, a fund-raising woman's group which has provided for altar paraments, a grand piano, and other special church needs. She also belongs to a women's circle. Outside of church, she is president of the CPA Wives Club, and has helped plan United Good Neighbor and American Cancer Society campaigns.

Bob's nonchurch activities are business-oriented: the chamber of commerce, Rotary, the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, and a statewide CPA society.

A visitor to the Kanada home would be disappointed if he expected to walk into an Oriental atmosphere. It is definitely American—ranch style, modern furniture, a barbecue on the patio. But if he stayed for supper on a night when Shirley cooked sukiyaki, he would know without a doubt that he was in a Japanese household—and he wouldn't begrudge one tangy calorie of it.

Unlike some older Japanese-Americans, the Kanadas don't think often about the war years. Shirley was too young to understand everything that happened then, but she is willing to describe her family's experiences.

"My family was interned in a camp called Minidoka, near Twin Falls, Idaho," she says.



"Before that we were in a relocation center right here in Portland—at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition building. Each family had one stall. I guess it was kind of bad. Childhood diseases were rampant. I was in the hospital with measles and whooping cough, one disease after another.

"We went into the relocation center on May 5, 1942, and about four months later we were sent to Idaho. My sister was a month old when we went into the Portland center. My brother was born in 1944 and was less than a year old when we left Minidoka in May, 1945."

She recalls that the Idaho summers were dusty, the winters muddy, and the tar-paper buildings cold.

Her father had been a truck farmer in Milwaukie, south of Portland, before the family was moved to the internment center. "He leased the farm," she recalls, "so when we went, we lost it. But the people were very kind. They kept our truck and our piano for us. Those were the only things we had left.

"For a time we lived in Hood River and worked in an orchard. But all the while my parents were looking for a spot for themselves. Finally they found a farm near Oregon City. When I was in the seventh grade, they came to Portland to work. My mother did housework and my father was a gardener." Her father still lives and works in Portland.

Bob's war experiences were totally different. His family lived on the island of Maui, second largest of the Hawaiian Islands, at the time. "We didn't have the trouble they had here," he explains. "From what I can remember we just continued as if nothing were happening. There was some hatred of the Japanese from other races but no organized discrimination."

Today the Kanadas feel few tensions or frustrations resulting from their Japanese ancestry. "I don't even think about it," Shirley says. Then she thinks about it. "It's a confusing kind of thing to Japanese people," she decides. "We're torn between our parents' heritage—but we're Americans really. I don't know any more about Japan than anyone else. I've never been there. Bob went once—as a member of the *United States Navy*. We speak Japanese, but not too well. We can understand it better than we speak it. But seriously we're proud of our Japanese heritage and feel fortunate we have the best of two cultures to enjoy."

Bob thinks being Japanese has many advantages in his work: "Businessmen look toward a Japanese as a person who is careful, meticulous, highly confidential.

"We have a wide circle of friends. In church and other activities we're quite often the only Japanese in the group. We have two sets of friends—Japanese and non-Japanese. We had two birthday parties for Kirby, for example—one for Japanese friends and one for our other friends. We're pretty much Westernized, but don't get us wrong," Bob emphasized. "We love Japanese food. We love Japanese music and things of that sort."

"But we do discriminate, you know," Shirley laughs. "Bob golfs in the Oregon Nisei Golf Association. Only Orientals allowed. My bowling league is all Oriental, too."

"One minute," Bob says. "We have a Caucasian . . ."

"But," Shirley injects, "he's not eligible for prizes!"

—Martha A. Lane



*Kirby delights in outdoor sports such as taking a splash in his private pool. Sharing the fun is next-door neighbor Brenda Baker, also four years old. Sometimes, his mother reports, Kirby helps feed baby brother Craig. He also enjoys music.*



There isn't anything new about the fact that a lot of mothers work outside the house. Even 20 percent of the American women who have preschool children are in the labor force. Yet popular opinion still insists that mother's place is in the home.

# Should You Be a Working Mother?

By LUTHER G. BAKER, JR.

**F**EW PEOPLE seem more laden with guilt than a young mother who is employed away from home and must leave her preschool children in the care of some substi-

tute. Popular opinion insists that mother should stay home—her youngsters need her, and no one else can take her place. Friends and relatives often exert severe pressure,

making it clear that they believe she is neglecting her family if she takes a job.

Stereotypes die a hard death, but the plain truth is that those who



make the working mother feel guilty do more harm than does her absence from the home. For more than two generations women have been leaving their children in the care of others to engage in non-domestic labor—and their critics' dire predictions about the disintegration of family life have not come to pass.

If family life really is less stable than it used to be (and this is debatable), the causes are much more complex than mother's employment. Families where mothers do not work away from home are no less perplexed by problems than families where mothers do.

In any case, the working mother is here to stay. About 20 percent of the American women with preschool children are in the labor force, part or full time. What we most need is a clear-headed examination of what happens to family life when mother works, and how any potentially damaging effects can be avoided.

### *Does Family Life Suffer?*

It is true that sometimes families do suffer when mothers work away from home. One needs only to look down the block in nearly any community to discover children running without guidance or control. What often is overlooked, however, is that some of those children have mothers at home. In fact, a few mothers scoot their children outdoors early on good days with strict instructions to stay out! Neglect of children is not a monopoly of mothers who work. The facts suggest, instead, that if a mother neglects her family when she works away from home, she is likely also to neglect them if she remains at home.

During the last dozen years a great body of sociological research has focused on maternal employment and its consequences in family life. Results of this research sharply challenge the assumption that the rise in juvenile delinquency is the product of increased maternal employment, or that family harmony and stability are disrupted when mother engages in non-domestic work.

These studies indicate that there is no significant correlation between

maternal employment and juvenile delinquency. Delinquents come from homes where mother works and from homes where she does not, in about equal proportion.

The roots of delinquency are much deeper and familial factors far more inclusive than mother's presence or absence. Juvenile behavior is influenced by the total pattern of family relationships—the significance of father as a parent, the quality of the parents' husband-wife relationship, parents' concepts of themselves as human beings, their general stance before the community, the law, the social order, and so on.

When mother feels good about herself as a person, a wife, and a mother, her sense of well-being will reflect itself in tension-free and consistent interpersonal relationships.

And if she delights in homemaking, finds pleasure and a sense of personal worth from the involvements of child care, her contribution to family harmony will be a positive one.

### *The Undomestic Woman*

Some women, however, delight in none of these. To say such a woman ought to find fulfillment in homemaking is begging the question; thousands of women do not, and it is time we admit that many women are no more temperamentally suited to exclusively domestic pursuits than are many men.

Modern technology has made housework less than an all-consuming and creatively satisfying task. If a woman has been educated for creative and rewarding non-domestic endeavor but her husband insists that she remain at home long after children are in school, her frustration will reduce the quality of both her wifely and motherly roles. It is not likely that such an unhappy mother will rear happy children.

There is Carolyn, for instance. She had specialized in speech therapy in college, and had worked in a large city corrective-speech clinic until shortly before her first child was born. Then she quit her job and devoted herself exclusively to rearing a family. Even after both their boys were in school, her hus-

band, Harold, refused to let her go back to work.

A few years later, she sought marital counseling. She and Harold were having numerous arguments, many over trivial matters. Their boys had been referred to the counseling service for difficulties in school, and she was afraid the entire family was "coming apart at the seams."

In spite of her honest attempt to accept her domestic role, Carolyn was dissatisfied. There simply was not enough to challenge her ingenuity, and she was frustrated without the creative activity she most enjoyed doing.

After some joint counseling with Harold, it was agreed that Carolyn should return to her old position in the clinic. The change was dramatic and sudden, at least in the husband-wife relationship. Arguments diminished, and there was a renewal of mutual affection that had been lacking for some time. The children's troubles took longer to cure, but with the aid of school counselors and mother's new sense of personal worth, lines of communication between parents and children were reestablished and the boys regained a feeling of security and consistency.

### *Must Children Be Older?*

When a woman is making a decision about working away from home, the age of her children is an important consideration. If the children are in school, and especially in their teens, problems are fewer. Some consistent supervision is necessary and parents need to be aware of what the children are doing, but if there are positive relationships between members of the family, and communication and understanding are good, mother's employment is not apt to present any serious difficulties. If the family can share the tasks of homemaking, family unity and harmony will not be disrupted.

What about the preschool children of mothers in the work force? Are they being denied a chance at adequate personality development?

The evidence from a growing body of research makes it clear that it is not "mother" a child needs, but "mothering." This contradicts the

# Wanted

For *untless, irresponsible incrimination of innocent men:*

Generally garbed in *sweet conformity over dirty rags of self-love and self-pity;*

Speaks out of *corner of month, in whispers, behind hand;*  
Frequents *coffee hours, church bazaars, idle workshops, bridge clubs, smoke-filled bars;*

Known to *wreck marriages, homes, careers, friendships, driving victims to emotional breakdowns, even death.*

Aliases: *"Don't quote me, but . . ." and ". . . I don't know myself, I only heard . . ."*

Better known as *"They say."*

At large *since Time began.*

—JUANITA AUSTIN

old belief that there is some sort of special bond between a child and its natural mother, and that no other person, no matter how efficient, can replace her in the child's psychological development. One need not consult research to understand this—just observe the many adopted children who are developing normally and happily.

Some women are not good mothers, and in a few rare instances children probably would be better off if someone instead of or in addition to their mothers were responsible for their care. In previous generations children did, in fact, have numerous mothering persons, many buffers against too close involvement with one person. Today, many young children suffer from a lack of variety in significant relationships with adults.

The crucial issue with preschoolers is not mother's presence or absence but the quality of mothering they are receiving. Where substitute mothers are required, they should be selected on the basis of their mothering qualifications. In many cases a grandmother, a neighbor, a baby-sitter, or a nursery may be adequate to the child's developmental needs.

The working mother, in any case, does not need to relinquish her part in the mothering process. If she utilizes the time she spends with her children in a creative manner,

there is likely to be gain instead of loss in their relationship.

In the entire pattern of relationships, consistency is one of the most important ingredients. The young child needs to be able to predict his world, its routines, the significant people in it, and their response to him. This is essential whether mother is working or not, and it is both possible and necessary that it exist if she does work.

## Factors in Decision-Making

In reaching a decision about mother's working away from home or staying at home, several crucial issues demand consideration:

### 1. *Is working really necessary?*

In most situations it remains best that mothers assume the primary care of their small children unless there are some significant necessitating factors. If the need is financial, the net profit to be gained from employment should be computed carefully. Sometimes very little is left after additional expenses are subtracted. If the motivation or need is the mother's psychological satisfaction, then this potential benefit to family harmony plus "income" may add up to a significant profit.

2. *What are mother's personal attitudes about working?* Family harmony is best when everyone

feels good about what everyone is doing. Father's feeling about his work influences the way he comes home to his family, and so it is with mother. Does she enjoy working away from home? Does she perceive it as making a meaningful and significant contribution to those she loves? It is important, also, that her husband agree in whatever arrangement is made, and that he support her in it.

3. *What are the arrangements for child care?* If the children are in school, who will greet them when they come home? It is important that children have a "checking-in point," even if they immediately go out to play. If the children are preschool age, is adequate, consistent mothering available?

4. *What agreements can be reached regarding domestic tasks?* It seems reasonable that if a wife is sharing work outside the home, her husband should share work inside the home. It is unreasonable to expect an employed mother to be responsible for all the domestic functions she would perform if she were not employed. Participation of the children also ought to be considered. When the total pattern of family interaction is warm and stable, children tend to respond responsibly to homemaking tasks.

On the whole, it seems best that mothers with small children remain at home to provide a stable, consistent home for them. If this is what a mother desires, and if she approaches the mothering process with creative imagination, family life will be enhanced by her presence at home. But when it is necessary or desirable that she seek employment—and certainly as the children grow older—she need not forgo the satisfactions of nondomestic activity. There is no evidence that she will bring harm to her family by doing so.

Any potential harm can be sharply reduced if satisfactory answers to the preceding questions are found. The important matter is that the family work together as a team. Where this is done, no pattern of personal activities will destroy its unity. □



# Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

MANY parents are mystified by the new life styles of our youths. They get a bit panicky when their sons and daughters develop a sudden enthusiasm for art, music, dress, or hair style which resemble the ways of the hippies. Interpreting to parents the real meaning of the new tastes becomes an important responsibility of the young people. Sue Lassy of Rhode Island did this recently at a United Methodist Youth Fellowship "Generation Gap" program. Here are some of the ideas she presented:

"Young people haven't really changed in hundreds of years. Today they may look a bit different, and they may think about different things, and they may do different things. But this is to be expected, for 'the times they are a-changin'.'"

"Kids today have a great deal more than their parents had in their day. I don't mean just in material goods. We have freedoms of expression that no other generation has ever enjoyed. Our parents were brought up in a Victorian atmosphere. Conformity was stifling. Now young people everywhere are breaking out of it. They are doing their own thing. Their dress, hair, constructive ideas, and music are original and their own. Dylan, Rush, Guthrie, and Baez are the voices of our generation. From *Eve of Destruction* to *Feelin' Groovy*, we are happy to share our music with the older generation—if they choose to listen.

"Coffeehouses are springing up everywhere. Mostly a college-age crowd attends because a real coffeehouse experience requires a certain degree of maturity. People generally go to a coffeehouse out of a desire for communication. In an informal atmosphere they meet people to whom they can relate and with whom they can share and discuss ideas. They can close the door and lose themselves in the soft, meditative music of the folk singer, while soft colored lights blink on and off. This sort of experience can be seen as a type of escape; but we all need to get away from it now and then, and this is one of our ways.

"Youths live in a world of music. Teen clubs are packing them in every night. Quite often our parents question the value of such racket as Cream, Hendrix, or The Rascals. To our worried parents let me say this: Music is like chewing gum—it releases excess energy and emotion.

"Youths today are spontaneous, and often rambunctious and irrational. They proclaim lollipops are not just for little kids, and they get their kicks from playing football in the rain. Unfortunately, the word 'kicks' has a bad connotation. One tends to think in terms of dope, liquor, destruction. This is not what



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.  
© 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I can never remember.  
Are we uniting FOR something  
or AGAINST something?"

'kicks' always means. 'Kicks' is whatever you enjoy doing, like volunteer work in a hospital, tutoring a slow reader, or eating upside-down ice-cream cones.

"The anger of youths is spontaneous, too. Hypocrisy, discrimination, superficial attitudes are suffocating to us.

"Dissent is good, healthy, and right. To question authority is healthy, but a disrespect for it is something else. The small minority which has brought so much public attention to itself has also brought antagonism to the rest of us.

"But there is a genuine sensitivity and concern among our ranks. It is our friends who are victims of the draft system, and our friends who are going to Viet Nam because of this word called patriotism. It's our friends who condemn poverty and discrimination, and those same friends who are joining VISTA and the Peace Corps.

"We are impatient idealists with a touch of realism. We see a need for changes in the system. We ask: Why can't it come now? Why must it wait for years? By the time we are our parents' ages, we fear we won't have any enthusiasm or fight left. Perhaps demonstrations aren't the best way to express

our frustration. They say our only hope for change is to cast our vote on election day. But that doesn't sound too practical to a 19-year-old boy heading for Viet Nam, who isn't even allowed to vote.

"Many young people feel they are being overlooked. Therefore, we get a little loud at times, trying to be heard."

Qa

*I am a girl, 16. My problem is this: I started to this new school last year. I knew no one there. I met this girl who seemed nice to me then, but I have found out different now. Every time she has a chance she steals something from me. Last week she got my new earrings. I know she got them because the next day she had them on. But if I say something about it, she says, "You have no way to prove it."*

*She always tells lies on people, and I can't get away from her. She is always hanging around with me and tearing my reputation down day by day. What can I do?—B.C.*

This girl cannot receive the friendship you could offer her. She has this inner compulsion to use and exploit you, twisting your companionship out of shape. She needs counseling, and you cannot be her counselor. Probably you will have to explain to her that you cannot be close friends so long as she acts this way.

You and your parents could discuss this matter with your guidance counselor. He may be able to get her the help she needs.

Qa

*I am a girl, 18. My boyfriend left for the service about three weeks ago. Just before he left he gave me a diamond ring. I was very happy at first because I love him very much. But now that he is gone, I feel guilty doing anything. All my girl friends go to parties. I stay home and get very bored. There is a certain guy I would like to go out with because I think we would have a good time.*

*My problem is that when my fiance comes home on leave soon, I would like to give back his ring and wait until he gets out of the service. I don't think this situation is fair to either one of us. Do you? But the last time*

*I tried giving his class-ring back, he started to cry and threatened to kill himself. I don't want to hurt him because I love him very much. What should I do?—D.W.*

The tone of your letter makes it clear that you are not ready to settle down to a long engagement period. At the same time, it is apparent that you are too fine a person to let yourself accept a boy's diamond and then cheat on him.

Wouldn't it be a lot more fair to him if you explained that you are not willing to give up your social life while he is gone, and that you want to set him free to date if he wishes? If you really do love him and want to consider marriage when he returns, telling him so should help the hurt a little.

His suicide threats bother me. I don't think anyone should be blackmailed emotionally into continuing a relationship against his or her wishes and better judgment. If this boy is so dependent on you that his existence is threatened, he needs counseling, not engagement or marriage.



*Last October while I was babysitting my girl friend came along. She and her boyfriend were supposed to go to the show, but he couldn't get the car, so they came over and brought another boy along. This boy and I hit it off immediately.*

*I wasn't supposed to date until I was 16, but my parents liked him and let us date. Then on an impulse we skipped school together and I spent the day alone at his house. After that we skipped three more times. The last time we couldn't stop. The school found out, so our parents would not let us see, talk, or even write to each other.*

*Now we can have one date a week. But we can't control ourselves when we are together. We always say we will slow down, but we never are able to. We want to be married in four years, but that's a long way off. What can we do?—O.G.*

Sometimes a couple will get to the point where they just can't seem to keep their hands off each other. They make brave resolutions, call themselves names for their lack of strength, and toss and turn in the night worrying about it. Nothing seems to work. Each may date others and have no trouble at all. But together they are a volatile combination.

In my experience only one solution

is possible: unless marriage is right around the corner, they simply have to break it off. If someone has found a better way, I'd like to hear about it.



*Since I am fairly new to the field of boys, could you give me a few tips on what is done by whom in setting up group dating? I read your column and saw your suggestion on it. I thought it would be a good idea in my case. But does the boy arrange everything, or does the girl have a little say once in a while? Suppose I want to group date, but the boy doesn't?—L.G.*

Probably the best way to group date in order to bring the boys out of hiding is for a few girls to throw a party in one of their homes. They can invite any boys they wish. If things go well and the couples hit it off, anyone in the party may suggest other get-togethers, such as going bowling, ice skating, or whatever. Evelyn Millis Duvall has a good chapter in her book *Love and the Facts of Life* (Association Press, 95¢, paper) on successful entertaining.

For couples who want good fun and companionship without getting too serious or overinvolved, group dating is a good solution. As to who decides, I would hope both the boy and the girl would have a voice in that. If they like and trust each other enough to date regularly, I think they will want to talk things over, share preferences and possibilities, and come to a mutual agreement as to what they do on dates.



*I am nearly 18 years old. My situation is this: I have been in love many times with many kinds of boys, and I know what it is to love someone. I have suffered many heartaches. I have been going with my present boyfriend for over 2½ years. We are engaged. He has helped me through life with love, understanding, and logic, and I have helped him.*

*Together we have learned how wonderful it is to share an autumn sunset or a classical concert. We both come from good Christian homes. Neither of us smokes, drinks, or swears. His minister and wife, whom I dearly love and respect, have told us that they feel we could make a success of married life. We have interesting discussions about politics,*

*religion, life, and so forth. We were both B students in school. We plan to be married this May.*

*My fiancé is a very highly respected person, 20 years old. My parents are fond of him. I have never worried about losing him to other women, for he has worked many miles from home for the past year and a half. Every single weekend he drives home, and every day he writes me a long letter. He is hardworking, honest, and very kind.*

*Perhaps you think I'm only mentioning the good things, but there is nothing bad that I could say about our relationship. We have never once broken up or even considered it. There is not one tiny thing I would want to change about him.*

*We don't plan to have children for a couple of years, so that I can go to school. He wants this as much as I do.*

*Do you think this marriage will work? Please don't tell us to wait because we've waited so long already. I've read over 20 books on the subject, and we both are fully aware of the problems of married life.—K.G.*

Your letter reminds us that even couples who have everything going for them tend to worry about making that final commitment to marriage. After all, it is one of the most important transition moments in life. A certain amount of fear goes with every big decision.

Ask other close adults if they didn't have some secret misgivings about taking that fateful step. Couples wonder: Will I get locked into a life I do not care for? Am I prepared to be a good companion, wife-mother or husband-father? Should I get more education first? Will our personalities change in unpredictable ways as we mature? Can we make it financially?

Your age makes one wonder a bit about whether marriage can be recommended. But if the respected people in your life all say "Go!" you can be reassured that you are taking the right course.



*My oldest sister is a pest! She is 28 and I'm 14. She came to visit us along with her husband and young sons. I was going steady. One night my boyfriend phoned me, and we had been talking only a short while. She came into the room and cut us off. I ran into my room seeing nothing but red! He called back, but she answered the phone before I could. She told him I was busy studying and couldn't talk. I didn't have any home-*



work to do so it made me madder.

The next time I saw him, he said he couldn't put up with that so we broke up. How can I persuade my sister to stop acting like a fool? How can I get my boyfriend back? He means so much to me!—C.B.

Where were your parents in all this? It seems to me that you should work out an agreement with them on the telephone situation. If long calls have been interfering with your work or tying up the phone so others cannot get through, you need to accept reasonable limitations. But your sister certainly has no right to interfere unless she has been given specific authority in the absence of your parents.

If your boyfriend is mature and sensitive, he should be willing to accept your explanation of the problem, and to live within the limits your family agrees to set.



I have a lot of friends, both guys and girls. I make good grades in school. I'm happy in life most of the time, but I'm two completely different persons at different times. When I'm in a good mood, I'm happy. Everything goes right; I get along with everybody; I feel secure, and I feel like the luckiest person in the world.

Then I get in a bad mood and can't do anything right. I have absolutely no common sense at all. I do stupid things, but never realize it till after it's too late. I'm jealous of everything. I never show it, but I always feel it. I feel like I don't have a friend in the world when I really do have a lot of them. I'm self-conscious, insecure, and don't have any self-confidence.

I know I'm immature and I want to change—but how? Will I ever grow up?—S.P.

Yes, you will grow up. You are bursting out all the seams of your childhood right now. That's the reason you feel so miserable. You are more fortunate than many—you can sort out your painful feelings, look them straight in the face, and express them well. This shows you are already more grown up than some grown-ups.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens Together*. Write to him c/o *TOGETHER*, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—YOUR EDITORS

## Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .



# Your Faith and Your Church

**W**hat is the difference between spirit and matter? The question comes to focus for Christians in the age-old controversy about the resurrection body—whether it is a fleshly body or a spiritual body. Paul taught (1 Corinthians 15) that the physical body is changed in the twinkling of an eye, but he does not indicate the nature of the change. Possibly, he thought the form unimportant.

Some say that no change is necessary because spirit and matter, far from being opposites, are two different organizations of the same basic energy. We do not know of any human mind (or spirit) that does not require a body (brain). Human thought, this argument continues, requires electricity, and this is energy. Furthermore, our personalities, our eternal selves, must have some organizable energy.

We must live with these mysteries, but we have the faith that the continuance of our personal lives after death goes on in the presence of God forever.

**Should churches be taxed?** Of course churches, along with other nonprofit organizations, ought to pay taxes on all enterprises that are financially profitable. But what are such enterprises? Restaurants? Parking lots? Shops for manufacturing or processing goods for sale to the poor? Business enterprises that benefit retired ministers, or senior citizens generally, or the blind?

In matters of tax exemption, everything depends, legally, on the service that the church or other tax-exempt agency performs for the public. By making token contributions in lieu of payments of taxes for police and fire protection, churches are saying, in effect, that they do not consider they are making a contribution to public welfare that would balance off the tax bill, if it were rendered. And churches that accept tax exemption are undertaking the responsibility for performing some service of significance, some service that government is unwilling or unable to perform. Often, such service is pioneering something that government may later take over.

Otto Nall, long-time editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* and former head of the Minnesota Area, now is episcopal leader of the Hong Kong-Taiwan Area of The United Methodist Church. Address questions in care of *TOGETHER*, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—EDITORS

After 500 hours of archaeological digging near Abingdon, Md., a professor and 15 students fixed the exact site of Cokesbury College, American Methodism's first institution of higher learning. It burned to the ground in 1795, leaving behind little else but . . .

# SPIKES, NAILS, ASHES... AND OYSTER SHELLS

By HERMAN B. TEETER  
Associate Editor

"I AM BEGINNING to doubt that Cokesbury College ever existed," a seminary professor declared one day last spring. "Dr. Beegle can't find it, you know."

He was joking, of course. Cokesbury had been a reality, once upon a time; and a great deal is known about American Methodism's first college, destroyed by fire 174 years ago. But much more isn't known, and may never be known.

The professor referred to the archaeological "dig" directed by his friend and colleague, Dr. Dewey M. Beegle, professor of Old Testament at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C. Dr. Beegle and 15 of his students in biblical archaeology were excavating at the Cokesbury site near Abingdon, Md., 25 miles northeast of Baltimore.

But the deeper they dug, the deeper the mystery became. After days of toil, the team had been unable to uncover their principal objective—the north wall (or any wall) of the great building leveled by fire in December, 1795.

Historical records show that Cokesbury College was a three-story brick structure, 108 feet long by 40 feet wide, a worthy forerunner of the multimillion dollar United Methodist-related institutions in all parts of the country today. In the 1780s, when it was erected, the building and its fine library were valued at \$50,000—a fabulous sum for the years following the American Revolution.

"There were no known records of any excavation of the site," Dr. Beegle said. "We wanted to check the accuracy of the four corner markers placed during the 1895 centennial observation of the great fire, and we wanted to find any objects related to that day."

Dr. Beegle, a United Methodist minister as well as

an educator, is no stranger to archaeological research. His previous field experience included an extensive excavation at Shechem in the Holy Land where Jesus stopped at Jacob's Well and talked to the Samaritan woman; where, hundreds of years before Christ, Abraham camped and built an altar to the Lord.

After the Cokesbury work, Dr. Beegle was scheduled to return to the Holy Land, this time to join the Andrews University excavation team at the site of Heshbon, capital of Sihon, king of the Amorites, and the first principal city conquered by the Israelites under Moses. But strangely enough, ancient Shechem—buried since 107 B.C.—had yielded its secrets more readily than Cokesbury was doing during the early stages of digging last spring.

"A 9 by 15 foot area was lined out between two of the markers put down in 1895," Dr. Beegle said. "We expected to uncover the main north wall, and intended to sift the debris inside the wall for objects which survived the fire."

Space was limited, because of the cemetery which covered most of the area within the four markers.

"Beneath the turf and topsoil appeared two layers of earthen fill with fragments of broken red brick and many oyster shells. Lower still was a thin layer of debris with handwrought iron nails, a spike, ashes, pieces of charcoal, glass, burnt oyster shells, and some fragments of 18th-century pottery. It was clear that the debris layer was from the 1795 fire."

But where was the wall that should be there? There was no trace of it, nor any indication that it had been "robbed out" by early settlers who felt free to salvage from the ruins whatever material they could use.

Traveling to and from Washington some 60 miles to



the south, the volunteer excavation team mixed fun and fellowship with the hard work. Some brought their families. Mrs. Beegle and the student wives prepared food for the hungry diggers, serving it in the education building of Cokesbury Memorial Chapel. Richard Tustin of Baltimore came along as surveyor for the dig.

"We dug another yard-wide trench to the west. Just under the turf appeared some brick rubble and then a small brick wall two rows wide. It could hardly have supported three stories and an attic."

To Dr. Beegle's trained eye, it was evident that this wall was built, for some unknown purpose, after the 1795 fire. (It was on earthen fill which covered the destruction debris.) He explained: "Obviously, someone had mistaken this wall to be the college wall, and had placed the corner markers accordingly."

Meanwhile, *The Washington Post* took notice of the mystery story developing at the excavation site. "Cokesbury, Where Are You?" the newspaper headlined in its issue of March 28, 1968.

The excavation team had done its homework well before the first pick broke the soil on the grassy knoll described by the college founders as "a healthy spot, enjoying a fine air and a very extensive prospect."

Research had shown that a granite foundation stone

from the ruins had gone to American University in 1894. Presumably most of the walls lay under the cemetery next to Cokesbury Memorial Chapel (built on the foundation of the first college chapel which had survived the fire and stood for 112 years).

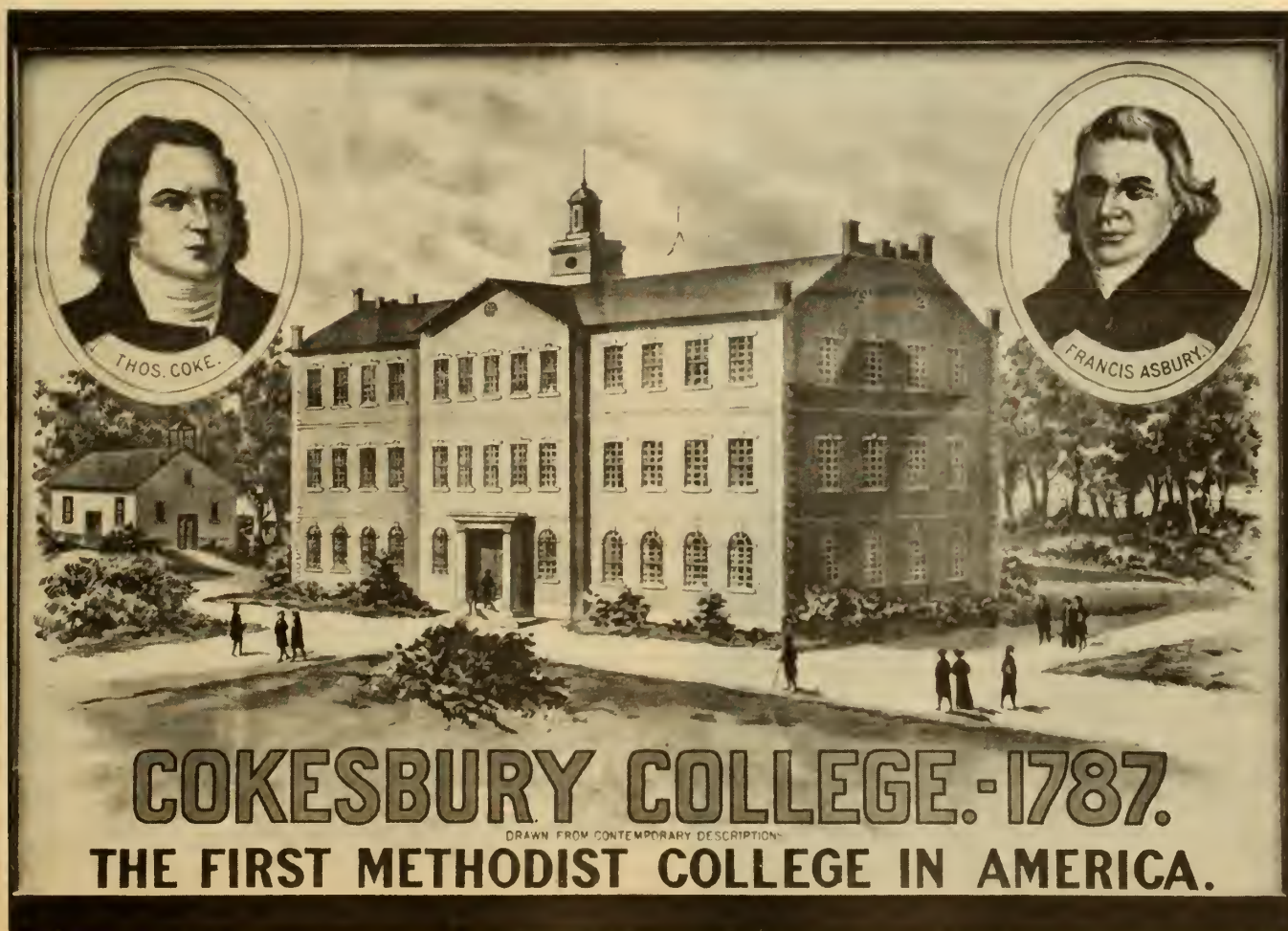
It all began in Baltimore in 1784 when 60 young men met at the historic Christmas Conference to launch Methodism as an organized church—and to plan a college. The school would be named for the first Methodist bishops: the exuberant Thomas Coke, John Wesley's emissary to America; and the indomitable horseman of the wilderness, Francis Asbury, father of American Methodism.

The remarkable thing is that the infant church could build a college of any kind. In *The Early Schools of Methodism*, A. W. Cummings writes:

"With \$2,500 cash in hand the foundation . . . was commenced, and the structure progressed to completion by the help of funds secured principally by the bishops as they passed over the country, everywhere inviting the people to come to the aid of the noble undertaking. And considering the then comparative poverty of the people, and more especially the Methodist people, the response . . . was unprecedentedly generous . . .

"On the first floor was a large room 40 feet square

*This drawing of Cokesbury College, with insets of the two Methodist forefathers it honored, hangs in a museum at Lovely Lane Chapel in Baltimore. There were only 18,000 members of the denomination in post-Revolutionary War times, but they contributed \$50,000 for the college and library.*







*Cokesbury College once stood on this rolling Maryland countryside, now site of Cokesbury Memorial Chapel and cemetery, 25 miles from Baltimore. The excavation team from Wesley Theological Seminary (below) uncovered the foundation stones of a main wall erected in 1787, the year the Constitutional Convention opened.*



... used for chapel purposes. Above this, on the second floor, were two fine classrooms, and over these two bedrooms, in which the students lodged in single beds; each room was also occupied by a professor, who preserved order at night.

"To appreciate how heavy was the burden that the generous people undertook, it should be remembered that the entire membership of the Methodist Church in America was but about 18,000."

If American Methodism was a reflection of John Wesley's evangelism, Cokesbury College was a reflection of Wesley's program at England's Kingswood School which he had founded some 40 years before.

When classes began at Cokesbury, the students found themselves governed by no less than 29 stern and rigid rules. They were expected to rise at 5 a.m., study seven hours a day, and retire at 9 p.m. Early rising, Wesley and others had reason to believe, was of "vast importance both to body and mind," would aid in "preserving good health and improving a bad constitution," and would prevent "nervous complaints."

Another rule prohibited bathing in the nearby river, but a convenient bath was provided. However, only one student "shall bathe at a time and no one shall remain in the water above a minute."

Cokesbury's rule 18 also followed the idealism of Wesley's Kingswood School:

"The students shall be indulged with nothing which





*Dr. Dewey M. Beegle (with light hat) led the Cokesbury "dig" last year before going to the Holy Land to join another archeological expedition. R. Dennis Schulze (right), the pastor of Cokesbury Memorial Chapel, unearths broken brick and mortar beneath the foundation stones for the college's main north wall.*

the world calls *play*," it warned. "Let this rule be observed with the strictest nicety; for those who play when they are young will play when they are old."

Apparently the trustees of Cokesbury did not go along completely with Wesley's insistence that Methodist schools should adopt "the best and shortest method which can be taken to make children critical scholars in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew."

Realizing that the new nation needed farmers, carpenters, and cabinetmakers, as well as preachers, teachers, and lawyers, Cokesbury did offer training in practical fields. Just the same, it was far from being a trade school.

"The students will be instructed in English, Latin, Greek, logic, rhetoric, history, geography, natural philosophy, and astronomy," it was announced. "To these languages and sciences shall be added, when the finances of our college will admit of it, the Hebrew, French, and German languages."

Apparently this ambitious program was never fully realized because Cokesbury found itself deep in debt within a few years. Little wonder, for the church had undertaken to educate, without charge, two groups that may have comprised the majority of the students enrolled—poor orphans, and the sons of married Methodist circuit riders.

At first, those who did not qualify for free schooling were charged about \$19 a year tuition, plus \$60

for room and board. There is a familiar ring to the announcement that would soon follow:

"The enhanced price of several of the necessities of life has obliged us to raise the rate of boarding."

While college records were destroyed in the fire, it is believed that no more than a total of 400 attended Cokesbury during its eight years of existence. A few of the known graduates did become fairly prominent as preachers, teachers, and politicians.

Generally, however, little is on the record to reveal the everyday life of a typical student, although a few things can be deduced. "It would appear," said Dr. Beegle with a smile, "that the boys ate a lot of oysters from nearby Chesapeake Bay. They must have had them morning, noon, and night!"

One student who found the diet a little monotonous was young Thomas Dromgoole. "Send me a Barrel or two of Apples . . . as it is seldom we get Apples here," he wrote his father, a prominent Methodist leader in Virginia. "As to my learning, I have made some Progress; and wish to know how long you can keep me at it: as I have a desire to learn French if it be agreeable to you."

The boy's stay at Cokesbury was brief, however, as that of many other boys must have been. Mr. Dromgoole was advised by a friend in Baltimore that Thomas was found to have "an ungovernable and wicked turn so that he could be kept there no longer."



(Young Dromgoole survived expulsion, however, and eventually became a local Methodist preacher.)

There may have been students who wanted to reduce Cokesbury to ruins. Certainly a great deal of hostility to the school existed among the lawless and ignorant elements in the vicinity. Bishop Asbury, whose role was similar to that of a president-at-large, was aware of this. Less than a year after Cokesbury was opened, he noted in his *Journal* that "in times past I have felt some disagreeable impressions about the college being burnt. Now I have heard of an attempt to do it."

The first fire was merely a closet fire, soon extinguished, but nine years later Cokesbury did burn to the ground. Suspecting arson, the governor of Maryland offered a reward of \$1,000 which went unclaimed.

Asbury immediately concluded that "the Lord did not call the Methodists to build colleges," but the ashes were hardly cold before Baltimore Methodists established a second school in that city. It was destroyed by fire almost a year to the day after the first.

SO IT was that in March, 1968—173 years after Cokesbury went down in smoldering ruins—Dr. Beegle and his students found themselves digging in vain. Despite careful calculations, based on the centennial markers of 1895, Cokesbury's exact site was missing.

The search was continued by extending the first trench 18 feet to the south. Taking care to avoid graves and as many tree roots as possible, they followed a gradually thickening destruction layer until a large pile of bricks appeared.

"Since this was rubble on the outside of the building, the main wall had to be very close," Dr. Beegle explained. "Fortunately, there was enough space between some of the graves to extend our trench."

"Finally, just after lunch on April 8, some granite stones were found under the rubble! A large tree root, which seemed to guard the stones, was removed."

"There was the wall! The clean-cut face of the granite slab on the north part of the wall was 15½ inches thick. These granite slabs set in mortar were used to shim the lower stones so as to make a level base for the two-foot-thick brick wall."

Working carefully with picks, trowels, and brushes, the professor and his students continued to uncover more evidence during the days that followed, enabling them to fix the exact site of Cokesbury.

"Our two basic objectives had been to recover some objects from the debris and to locate the main walls," Dr. Beegle said. "The former had been accomplished and the latter was possible with the information at hand. Since the markers had been off some 16 feet to the north and about 30 feet to the west, they were relocated."

A few nails, spikes, charred debris, burnt oyster shells, broken bricks, a piece of broken pottery, some foundation stones—not much for an estimated 500 hours of digging? That depends on who you are, and where you have been digging. In the case of Cokesbury College, few sites or shrines in Methodism are

more significant or more indicative of the role the church was destined to play in the lives of millions yet unborn. As carefully as they had excavated, the seminary team filled in most of the trenches, leaving part of one open for visitors to see when a new Cokesbury monument was dedicated late last spring.

The monument is a bronze model of the three-story building, an undertaking planned and carried out by the Rev. R. Dennis Schulze, pastor of Cokesbury Memorial Chapel, one of three charges on the East Harford Circuit in Maryland.

"The dedication took place on a beautiful day," Dr. Beegle recalls. "A good crowd was assembled, many of whom were members of the Methodist Historical Society. The objects we had found were on display. In the excavation trench left open, one could see the various layers of fill and debris and view the foundation stones in place. The monument prepared by Mr. Schulze and his father, R. Burt Schulze, stood just north of the main wall we had located with so much difficulty."

Dr. John L. Knight, president of the seminary, brought the Cokesbury bell, one of the few things salvaged from the great fire of 1795. This priceless relic, which finally found its way to Wesley Theological Seminary, was displayed on a smaller pedestal north of the bronze model of the building. On the pedestal, set between two charred Cokesbury bricks, is a plaque reading: "The Cokesbury bell which once called students to their classes now rests at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C. On special occasions it is brought to its original home."

Later, the last excavation trench was filled in and the charred remains of the great dream slumber again on the hill, deep beneath the cemetery headstones.

"I thought of our work there quite often last summer, thousands of miles away, at the site of biblical Heshbon," Dr. Beegle said. "When we dug up those old spikes, nails, and oyster shells in the charred debris, I could imagine the great fire, that priceless library being destroyed, and the sad loss that could have stopped—but did not—Methodism's cause in higher education."

"It is a moving experience, also, to dig up pottery and other artifacts in the Holy Land—objects that people shaped with their own hands long before Christ was born. Unless you are calloused, it will bring people of the past much closer to you. They were, after all, people with the same hopes, fears, and frustrations most of us experience today. For an archaeologist, such things are unforgettable."

Unforgettable, too, was that day last May on the Maryland hill where the promise of Cokesbury College was born—and died. As part of the dedication ceremony, President Knight rang the historic bell.

"As the lovely tone floated over the town of Abingdon again," Dr. Beegle recalls, "one was taken back 173 years or more. At that moment, I could almost visualize the young scholars hurrying to their classes."

Without doubt, "hurrying" is the word. For Cokesbury College was no place for playfulness, indolence, or procrastination! □





# Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

THE LATE Halford Luccock said one time that getting into hot water was not so bad. He claimed that it was simply water that was having a lot of fun. I try to remind myself of that wise word when I find myself in what my more conservative brethren would call "hot water." It helps some, and I have learned to believe that the staid, placid life has limited joy and is short on excitement.

There are some writers whose books reflect a wild, unconfined sense of exuberance. They carry you along with sheer audacity and undisciplined vision. Life, to them, is a comedy and the characters they portray have been set free from the rules and regulations which control most of us. And still running through the madness is a sense of the wisdom of children or sense far beyond the realm of logic. A man needs to read a book like this occasionally in order to escape the little rules and regulations which can stifle the dream and blind the vision.

Peter DeVries has this gift unexcelled so that when I see a book by him, I turn to it with some eagerness. I was glad, therefore, when two of his older short novels came out in one volume: *THE CAT'S PAJAMAS* and *WITCH'S MILK* (Little, Brown, \$5.95). They have no real connection, but both belong to that wonderful, slightly insane world which always has a sort of Alice in Wonderland quality.

Hank Tattersall is the young professor-hero of *The Cat's Pajamas* for whom everything goes right for a little while, and then everything goes desperately wrong. Yet, somehow, he is so philosophical about the whole business and so uncaring about what to most people would be catastrophic that you follow along with him on his strange path hoping with him that at some corner he will suddenly find a new kind of world. Hank looks upon all the rules and regulations of society as made for children and fools. He will be free from it all because he sees through it and finds it hollow.

There is nothing here that will speak of the saint following his own

vision. It is simply a common man with certain uncommon traits looking at human society and finding it pretty silly. Somehow this short novel made me think of a movie I saw some time ago. It was *A Thousand Clowns* and it was opposed to standards most people accept, not because they are evil but because they are ridiculous. Tattersall was always in hot water but it was water having a lot of fun.

*Witch's Milk* deals with Tillie Shilepsky who marries Pete Seltzer. The marriage doesn't work out too well, and there is a separation. Then Pete decides that the best thing to do is for them to get together because he cannot afford a divorce. Also, his job is at a dead end and he knows it. He has to be content with what he has. So they decide to go back together.

If this sounds cynical, it is also full of common worldly wisdom about two people making the best of their limitations and going on through. Pete is the eternal child and Tillie the eternal mother. It was just good fortune that they found each other. More significantly, they need each other and they discover this at long last. This story could easily have gone wrong, but DeVries guides it along the narrow ledge and safely home. It is sadness touched with sympathy. It is hot water having a lot of fun.

**THE HUNDRED-YARD WAR** by Gary Cartwright (Doubleday, \$5.95) won me over immediately with the ti-

tle and the subtitle *A Novel of Professional Football*. Edwin Shrake referred to it as "the best novel ever written about pro football." I am in the habit of reading what Mr. Shrake says in *Sports Illustrated*, and if he said this was the best novel in the field, that was good enough for me. So here it is.

The book concerns the Dallas Troopers, the coach and the players, and especially the quarterback, Rylie Silver. It has the ring of authenticity to a fellow who doesn't know anything about the game except what he reads. It is a pretty seamy story. The impression it left was of a dark and rather terrifying jungle where nobody believes anything and nobody lives for anything. If Edwin Shrake is right that "this is an accurate picture of the sort of men who play the game, who coach it, and who run it," it is a business commanding very little pride.

The best man connected with the Dallas outfit is Andy Craig, the coach, and he doesn't last very long. Players, concerned only with income, seem to have very little pride in the game itself. Those who are married appear to have found the wrong girls and, either because of the unregulated life they live or their own weaknesses, marriage vows are noticeable only in being ignored. The coach who takes Craig's place has no character. *The Hundred-Yard War* knows nothing about love and respect on the part of the athletes. A professional football team would have to have a higher pride than this one has in itself if morale is to be a real influence in winning games. And, of course, in this story, victory is rather elusive. Maybe that is the reason.

One cannot expect that a book of this kind would be in the same category as *Stover at Yale*. But surely, there must be more of courage and dedication than is here reflected. Still, Mr. Shrake ought to know, and he says that this is the way it is. I feel like the little boy who said to Shoeless Joe Jackson after the baseball scandal, "Say it ain't so, Joe." □



"Mind if I play through?"

# Looks at NEW Books

TO FAMOUS last words we can add Sten H. Stenson's intention when he set out 10 years ago to write a book.

"At that time," he says, "I intended to write a devastating criticism of all forms of religion." The brilliant chairman of the department of religion at Smith College finished the manuscript several years ago, but he did not publish it. "To my surprise and despair," he explains it, "it turned out differently than I expected."

It turned out so differently, in fact, that it received the 1968 Abingdon religious-book award. Arguing against religion, Dr. Stenson argued himself right into belief.

Published April 14, *Sense and Nonsense in Religion* (Abingdon, \$5.95) is a difficult book for anybody who has not had a fairly sophisticated background in philosophy and theology. It is, however, in the words of Roger L. Shinn, one of the Abingdon Award judges, "a profound and refreshing book . . . [that] seizes on the toughest theological issues of our time."

Any book by Martin E. Marty is sure to be a distinguished book, and *The Search for a Usable Future* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), his first in five years, is not a disappointment.

This briskly written survey of where we stand, if we can be said to stand on the shifting sands of change, and where we might be going takes into account the search for a usable past among various groups in church and society and reflects the sense of useless past shared by black Americans, students, the poor, the New Left, and many people among the media and religious leadership.

But, Dr. Marty points out, the old liberalism, the new orthodoxy, and secular theology have been displaced by more current theologies of hope and revolution. Christians cannot fulfill their mission without coming to some sort of terms with radical social change, he tells us. And, discussing violence and ethics and the expectations of revolutionaries, he tells those who are taking this road that revolution itself may also belong to the useless past.

Rather than opt for a sterile "secular man" or retrieve an obsolete

model of "religious man," Dr. Marty hopes that reflective people will work to stimulate a whole new level of religious consciousness.

The first circle of Dante's hell was where the souls of the pre-Christian philosophers were doomed to exist throughout eternity. In Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle* (Harper & Row, \$10), it is the scientific research centers that operated within special prisons in Stalin's Russia.

Staffed by political prisoners who were scientists and technicians, these centers were luxurious in comparison with the hard-labor camps, but prison terms were long and the prisoners lived with the constant fear that an administrative whim could ship them to the lower circles of hell.

*The First Circle* is the story of what happens in one such research center on the outskirts of Moscow during the four days from December 24 through December 27, 1949. It ranges from the center to the apartments and streets of Moscow, and into the office of Stalin himself. The invention the prisoners are working on is a voice-

print system to identify voices over the telephone.

Solzhenitsyn is Russia's greatest living prose writer, and this is a powerful novel in spite of a translation that has faults. Powerful also is *The Cancer Ward* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95; Dial Press, \$8.50), another Solzhenitsyn novel, this one about patients in a Soviet hospital in 1955, although it does not rank with *The First Circle*, which undoubtedly will become a classic.

Neither book has been published officially in Russia. Thousands of copies of both, however, have been transcribed by typewriter and passed from hand to hand. The readers call this process *samizdat*, or self-publishing, and it is the way they avoid Soviet censorship.

Both books are based on the author's experiences. Solzhenitsyn spent 11 years in prison, slave-labor camps, and exile. And he was a cancer patient in Central Asia and in Russia. The settings are his comment on two different stages in Russia's history, the hell that was life under Stalin and the still-sick society that was Russia two years after Stalin's death. The research



## CIRCA '69

*The houses sit in sunlight, side by side,  
Like well-behaved and cheerful children who  
Expect the games to start, and try to hide  
Their party eagerness, each naked-new  
As hope can be, each shiny as the keys  
To doors identical . . .*

*But tell me please,  
Where did the shadows go, the subtleties  
Of light and leaf, the green? . . .*

*Where are the trees?*

—Maureen Cannon



centers are mostly gone now, but Russia's need to examine and understand her past is great. It is this examination that Solzhenitsyn has taken upon himself.

Anne Moody, born in Centreville, Miss., in 1940, has written one of the most moving and important autobiographies of our time in *Coming of Age in Mississippi* (Dial, \$5.95).

Growing up black in the small Deep South town, she knew what it was to live for months on beans and corn bread, to go to work at the age of nine to help support your family, to keep silent when night riders burned a neighbor's home or murdered a friend or relative, to wonder why white people were supposed to be better than black ones, and why everything they had was better than she had.

Not satisfied to accept the philosophy that "a nigger can't make it no way," she became an honor student in high school, worked summers so she could go to college. Then, deep in the civil-rights movement during the summers of 1962 and 1963, she lived with the fear of violence and the continuing struggle to get money to carry on the movement.

She tells it all in *Coming of Age in Mississippi*, which is an honest, compelling, and very powerful book.

How human life begins is described in two recent books, both of which are excellent. Parents who want to begin talking about this with their young children might very well do homework in both of them before getting into their discussion.

Andrew C. Andry and Steven Schepp prepared *How Babies Are Made* (Time-Life Books, \$3.95) in consultation with the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) and the Child Study Association of America, and it is based on teaching materials already being used in elementary schools.

An attractive, colorful book that begins with flowers, then goes to chickens, dogs, and, finally, people, it uses brief, factual text and photographs of paper sculpture to tell the story of conception and birth. The briefness of the text forces parents to add their own interpretations, and it is necessary that they do. The book deals only with physical aspects of birth. Love is not mentioned, and the concept of family is not really presented either.

*The Secret World of the Baby* (Random House, \$3.95) fills in these gaps. The work of writer Beth Day and physician Margaret Liley, this book for young people tells the story

of life in more complete fashion, and in terms that are warmly human as well as scientifically accurate. Stress is put on the life of the fetus—Dr. Liley's husband is a pioneer in the new medical specialty of fetology. The parent who uses *How Babies Are Made* can benefit richly from these dimensions, and small fry as well as older children will take great delight in *The Secret World of the Baby's* black and white pictures, which show some of the most beguiling babies ever to be found by a camera.

Helen Jean Burn gives honest answers to honest questions about sex and growing up in *Better Than the Birds, Smarter Than the Bees* (Abingdon, \$2.50), and this book for teenagers, you might even call it a survival manual, is one of the best I have seen.

Mrs. Burn's background is social work, where she specialized in the problems of the young—the promiscuous teen-ager, the unwed mother, the child who cannot be cared for by his natural parents. And the fact that she is the mother of five children, three of them in their teens, has given her sympathy and insight.

It shouldn't be so, but I have found a drab uniformity about most books on the ecumenical movement. So a paperback by United Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews, recently elected president of the Consultation on Church Union, is like a fresh breeze.

*A Church Truly Catholic* (Abingdon, \$2.45) is both a progress report on COCU's work toward a church "truly catholic, truly evangelical, and truly reformed" and a survey of the historical ground into which the seed of church union has fallen.

For those who are offended by the use of the word "catholic," Bishop Mathews has this explanation: "Often the word projects a narrow and restricted image. Not so, or not necessarily so; for in reality it is all-embracing. . . . It has to do with the whole of mankind and with the whole sweep of history and with the whole man." He writes candidly, informally, and persuasively.

When the Africa Central Conference of The United Methodist Church met last year, Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of Rhodesia was elected bishop for life, and then he was given permission to retire. Subsequently he and Mrs. Dodge accepted missionary assignment at the Mindolo Ecumenical Institute in Zambia.

Bishop Dodge already had served 12 years as bishop. In 1964 he had been deported by the white Rhodesian

## A prayer to pray wherever you are



O, God, what does it mean to be a good citizen?

To march for war and jeopardize the peace

or

march for peace and jeopardize the war?

To salute flags and cork-up sentiment over people

or

salute people and cork-up sentiment over flags?

To collide with the establishment and shout for change

or

collide with change and shout for the establishment?

In such an age forgive us, Lord, if we're up tight over the meaning of citizenship.

Amen

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## John Wesley's Folly

ON OR about February 18, 1751, John Wesley, then 48, made the biggest mistake of his life. He married the woman pictured above.

She was Mrs. Mary Vazeille, a well-to-do widow of 41, who prudently secured her estate solely to herself and her four children. John and Mary definitely did not live happily ever after.

John's brother, Charles, who had met Mrs. Vazeille about two years earlier, described her as "a woman of sorrowful spirit." History indicates that she was a jealous woman; and, had she had her way, John would have abandoned his ministry and there would have been no Methodist Church.

John probably met Mrs. Vazeille about the same time Charles did, and they became engaged between July, 1749, and February of the next year. The contract in which he eschewed any share in her estate is dated February 9, 1750, and mentions the intended marriage.

However, the wedding might not have taken place if John had not slipped on the ice while crossing London Bridge on Sunday, February 10, 1751, severely spraining his ankle. The sprain became so painful that he was forced to remain at Mrs. Vazeille's home.

In his *Journal* he reported that he spent the next week "partly in prayer, reading, and conversation, and partly in writing an *Hebrew Grammar* and *Lessons for Children*."

The following Sunday he was carried to the Foundry, then the Methodist headquarters, and preached the sermon from his

knees. On Monday or Tuesday (February 18 or 19), though still not walking, he was able to accompany Mrs. Vazeille to the altar and they were married.

During the honeymoon week he continued to preach kneeling, and in a fortnight, still unable to set foot to ground, he rode off to Bristol for a five-day conference with his preachers, leaving his bride behind.

It is strange to think that the enduring example of Methodist itineracy conveyed by John Wesley could be based on a need to get away from a nagging wife.

But it is even stranger to consider why this usually sensible, cautious, discerning man should contract such an ill-judged, ill-advised marriage.

Could his sudden invalidism have caused him to envision a bleak and lonely future without companion and comfort?

More likely, his innate sense of honor brought him to such a seemingly hasty decision.

It is highly possible that in the "conversation" he mentions, Mrs. Vazeille spoke of the necessity of preserving her good name. After all, a single man did not remain in a single lady's home for a week without eyebrows being raised.

Whatever the motive, both repented at leisure. If other actions of Wesley can serve as good examples of thought and conduct, then surely his marriage has value for what it was—a conspicuous example of either misplaced gallantry or bad judgment.

—RUTH SMITH BARON

government for his strong support of the rights of black Africans. Now he adds his voice to American calls for renewal of the church in this country in a paperback on what he terms "the Protestant failure in America."

Bishop Dodge says he had four reasons for writing *The Pagan Church* (Lippincott, \$2.25). He wanted to express his alarm at what he saw happening in the life of American churches and add world perspective to the problem. He believes confrontation is constructive if it is done from a positive motivation, and he thinks that this kind of statement from the center of the structure may encourage young ministers and laymen who are wrestling with the problems of renewal.

"Very frankly, this book also arises out of personal frustrations that stem from my desire to say something creative and helpful about the life of my own mother church," he says. "Usually I do not find any channels through which I can speak candidly. In the structure of the denomination it is assumed that the overseas churchman has nothing pertinent to say about procedures and practices in the American church."

If he believed the church's sickness was irreversible, he would not have written as he did. "... the long night of withdrawal and decline need not claim another victim," he declares. "The church . . . can still be relevant and dynamic by getting more involved in the world around her."

After Albert Schweitzer's death his daughter discovered a manuscript packed in a white linen bag. It was his last theological work.

The *Kingdom of God and Primitive Christianity* (Seabury, \$3.95) is a historical study of the biblical belief in the Kingdom from the Old Testament prophets to the apostle Paul. The chapters on Jesus and Paul are the heart of the book.

The largest part of the manuscript was written in 1950-51. Dr. Schweitzer never published it because he planned to extend the inquiry still further. Now the portion he did complete becomes his theological testament, biblical commentary written in clear, simple style.

The spring announcements from publishers of children's books include books about all the familiar characters and themes that have been loved by generations of children—animals that talk and act like people, mysteries, science and nature studies, stories about kings, princesses, goblins, and monsters. New titles in seemingly indestructible series like Nancy Drew,



the Bobbsey Twins, the Hardy Boys are still outselling most adult best-sellers.

But I have discovered more and more books on the spring lists that try to interpret what is going on in the child's world to him. These include books with city settings and books about the population problem, the computer, and other dilemmas the child will have to cope with when he becomes an adult.

According to a survey by *Publishers' Weekly*, magazine of the book trade, these are not an unmixed success in the bookstores. One publisher responded that suburban customers have a definite lack of interest in books about urban situations. Another publisher has found that some bookstore buyers turn down what they consider "problem books."

Some people plead that we should let children be children and not burden them with problems. There are two fallacies in this. Children actually can accept problems more serenely than we can because they don't yet have to deal with them. And even if they could not, it is the rare child who can escape knowing about some of the injustices and inequities that exist. So he needs help putting them in perspective.

A final query in the *PW* survey had to do with books for various age groups. Here the publishers said what most parents already know: "The lines between age groups are . . . increasingly blurry." Children are reading up, and books that used to be considered young-adult books now are more suitable for younger children.

Senator George D. Aiken of Vermont remembers that when he was the right age to make his school-teacher's life anything but peaceful, the departing snows of spring invariably brought a series of delightful adventures. First was going swimming in the icy waters of the melting snow—and getting put to bed for it if it was found out. Then there was the excitement of discovering the first frog's eggs, and the thrill of finding the first wildflower in blossom.

Grown up and in the nursery business, he began to experiment with the propagation and culture of wildflowers and ferns in the 1920s, partly because he had an innate love for all things of the wild, and partly because people said it couldn't be done. As his wildflower business increased, he was swamped with requests for more information about them, so he wrote a book.

The first printing of *Pioneering With Wildflowers*, in 1933, melted like those springtime snows. So did a

second printing, and a third. By then the author was busy being a United States senator, and for many years no copies of this book have been available. Now Prentice-Hall has brought out a new edition (\$8.95), and it is a storehouse of information about identifying, catching, taming, and growing the wildflowers found throughout North America. It is generously illustrated with photographs and is a treasure for anybody's library.

Most conscientious parents would like to help their children with their schoolwork, but when they try to do it, many of them run headlong into: "But that's not the way the teacher does it!" And tears and mutual frustration end the session.

It is true that the times, they've been a-changing, and unless Mom or Dad can present things the way the teacher does, they had better stand back and hope for the best. Or they might be lucky enough to lay their hands on a copy of *How to Help Your Child in Reading, Writing & Arithmetic* (Random House, \$6.95). This unusual handbook by Frieda E. Van Atta, who is both a mother and a teacher, bridges the generation gap and shows parents how they can help their youngsters in the three basic subjects from kindergarten through the eighth grade. Even the new math comes a little easier to an adult as Mrs. Van Atta presents it.

I don't know of another writer who can make space exploration sound as understandable, even familiar, as Arthur C. Clarke can, and *The Promise of Space* (Harper & Row, \$8.95), which he wrote before last December's epic Apollo flight, is still as current as if it were being written tomorrow.

This is rare in science books these days. Six months, even six hours, may outdate many a hapless book, our knowledge of man and his environment is growing so fast. For *The Promise of Space*, though, Clarke wisely focused on the future.

Hunting, except with a camera, is not for me, and I might not have opened *Ten Little Foxhounds* (Children's Press, \$2.75) if there had not been such good humor on the faces of the hounds—and the fox—in the cover drawing.

C. Gifford Ambler's tale of the hunting dogs that all turned out to be drop-outs is a skillful adaptation of the 10-little-Indians theme, and I was laughing right along with the fox when I finished it.

This is for very small people, or anyone with a sense of humor.

—BARNABAS

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER



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with the Small Fry

# Tiffin, the Tired Old Tiger

By  
Gina Bell-Zano


An illustration of two black and white cartoon monkeys on a palm tree. One monkey is perched on a branch, looking down, while the other is hanging from a lower branch, looking up. The palm tree has a thick, segmented trunk and a large, feathery frond.

TIFFIN, the tired old tiger, stalked slowly through the jungle. He was looking for a peaceful place to rest. He saw a tall, wide tree off to one side of the path. He looked around.

Everything was silent. No bird chirped. Tiffin sighed a tired sigh.

"This is the place," he said to himself. He turned off the path. He stalked to the tree. He lay down. He put his big front paws under his head. Then he sighed again.

"This is the place, all right," he said to himself. And he closed his big, tired, green eyes.

An illustration of a large, tired-looking tiger with orange and white stripes. The tiger is lying down, with its head resting on its paws. Its eyes are closed, and it has a weary expression. The background is a simple, light-colored wash.



All at once the sound of monkeys chattering shrilly filled the air. Tiffin sat up with a start.

Right over his head, two monkeys were jumping from one branch to another, calling out to each other and throwing coconuts. Thump! One of the coconuts hit Tiffin on his tired, old front paw.

He let out a loud roar.

"Quiet up there, and be more careful," he roared. "Must you carry on like that when someone is trying to take a nap?"

One of the monkeys looked down through the branches.

"Oh, it's you, Tiffin," he said. "Trouble with you is you're a tired old tiger, and a tired old tiger is a grouchy old tiger."

"Don't worry about what's wrong with me," said Tiffin, crossly. "Go be noisy somewhere else."

Just then there was the sound of footsteps moving through the bushes. The monkeys put their hands over their mouths and were very still. Then the bushes parted. They saw two men looking around carefully.

"Oh, ho," thought Tiffin, "it's those zoo people again."

Tiffin had always run like the wind when he saw the zoo people. Now he just got up quietly and stood there, against the bushes.

For Tiffin had made up his mind. The zoo was the place for a tired old tiger like himself. No hunting for food, no silly monkeys hitting him with coconuts, no one to bother him when he wanted to rest his tired old bones.

But the zoo people were looking up at the tree. They saw the monkeys. One of the men began to climb up the tree.

"Two fine monkeys up here," he called down softly.

"How about me?" thought Tiffin. "How about a fine old tiger?"

He stood still as a statue—so still that his stripes blended with the leaves and twigs on the bushes. He was just about invisible. The zoo people never even noticed him.

But they did get the two monkeys. Tiffin watched them being carried off, chattering loudly.

At a distance, Tiffin followed silently on his big, padded feet. He saw a truck parked on the side of the path. He saw the zoo people put the two monkeys in the back of the truck and bolt the door.

Then they walked off again.

Tiffin waited and watched and listened. Then he heard them come back.

"I guess this is it for this trip," he heard one of the men say. "Just those two monkeys."

"Well, let's go then," the other man said. They climbed into the front of the truck.

Tiffin quietly crept to the back of the truck. He unbolted the door. He put his paw to his mouth and said to the monkeys: "Shhh, go on now. Jump out. You two don't want to go to the zoo. But I do."

The monkeys jumped out quickly, and Tiffin climbed into the back of the truck.

"Now bolt the door after me," he whispered. The monkeys did and just in time, for the motor of the truck started, and it started to move.

Tiffin curled up in a corner and went to sleep. The noise of the motor was soothing, like the wind through the leaves.

When he opened his eyes again, the truck had stopped. They had reached the airport where a plane was waiting to take the animals to the zoo in the United States.

The zoo people climbed out and came round to the back of the truck. They unbolted the door.

Tiffin got up, rubbing his eyes with his paw. The zoo people just stood there, staring in amazement.

"Well," one of them said finally, "I never saw two monkeys turn into one tiger before!" He shook his head.

"Neither did I," said the other. "But there must be a tiger in there. We both see him, don't we?"

Then, gently, they led Tiffin up the airplane ramp and into a big, clean cage. Tiffin lay down.

The men closed the door and stood there, watching Tiffin.

"That is a tiger in there all right!" said one of them. "And as long as we have him, we might as well give him some dinner."

"Yes," said the other man. "Get a few pounds of the best meat for him. He's one fine tiger, a *very* fine tiger."

"That he is," said the other man, as he walked off scratching his head. "But how could two little monkeys turn into a fine tiger?"

Tiffin just smiled and closed his big, green eyes. □

## Sidewalk Croquet

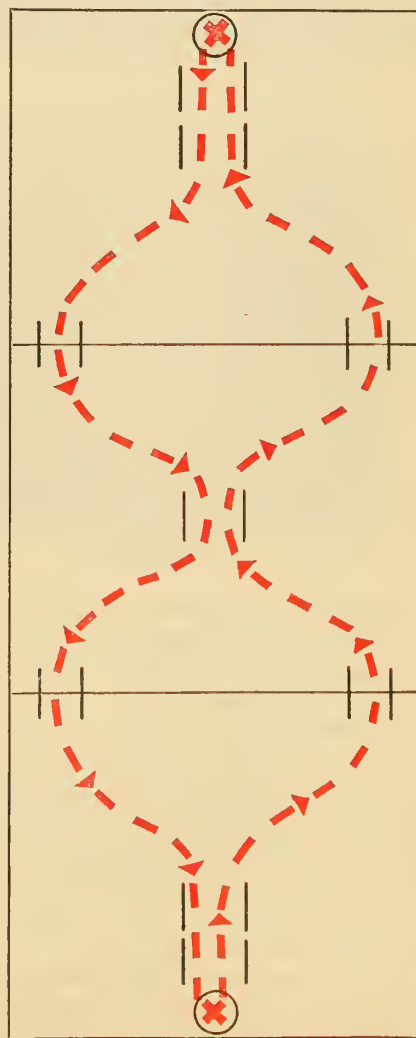
DRAW with chalk on a sidewalk, a croquet court 15 feet (3 squares) long. Draw nine "wickets" (2-inch lines 6 inches apart) and two 6-inch post circles as shown.

Make a mallet for each player by nailing a 4 1/2-inch piece of broom handle across the end of a 24-inch piece.

Make a "ball" for each player by filling an empty shoe polish can with dirt and sealing it with tape around the side. You may wish to paint the mallets and balls, using a different color for each player.

The game is played by regular croquet rules except that, instead of hitting a post, the ball must get inside an end circle. If a ball crosses over wicket lines instead of going between them, the ball must be played through the wicket properly at the next turn.

—Packy McCrory





# Letters

## Improvement, Not Just Change

FLETCHER W. HERINGTON  
Portsmouth, N.H.

Ralph M. Otwell's *Viewpoint* article in the March issue, *Seeing It Like It Is* [page 17], roused my ire. The idea that the journalist and the preacher see it like it is and tell it like it is would be more convincing if all told the same story. Opposed to what Mr. Otwell says regarding the violence in Chicago during the Democratic Convention, another writer, Neil Hickey, wrote in *TV Guide* that "the networks stubbed their toes."

Both clergy and press speak with all the voices of the blind men describing the elephant, and the layman must arrive at the truth by a process of eliminating the false.

Mr. Otwell calls for the newspapers and churches to act as "agents of enlightenment and social change." I will concede that they are prophets of social change, but not of enlightenment, for the scene gets darker with each succeeding uprising while these "communications institutions" approve what's going on.

The situation reminds me of the old story about four men in a boat. One starts boring a hole in the bottom, and another hollers, "Hey! You can't do that!" The borer replies, "This is none of your business. I'm boring this hole under my own seat."

Freedom of press and pulpit allow both to be agents of enlightenment and social improvement, not merely change, if they will be.

I wish they'd get with it.

## 'Antidote to Current Despair'

DANIEL B. JORGENSEN  
Chaplain (Colonel), U.S. Air Force  
Lowry Air Force Base  
Denver, Colo.

Target: Denver in your March issue [page 18] is a well-deserved tribute to Bishop R. Marvin Stuart, District Superintendent Bill Byrd, and thousands of committed Christians in the Denver area. The various co-operative ministries mentioned put Christian concern where the action is.

During my almost two years at Lowry Air Force Base, I have had the privilege of sharing in some of these

programs, and I know that much more could be said of the ways in which church people are actively involved in the problems of a great metropolitan area.

Articles of this nature should prove a healthy antidote to much of the current despair concerning the church and its mission.

## Not for Mailing to Viet Nam

H. B. KEITH  
Delano, Calif.

After seeing the picture on page 17 in *TOGETHER's* February issue, showing our San Francisco Area's Bishop Charles F. Golden with seminarian Ron Parker when Parker refused military induction, I find it questionable to mail this copy to a boy who is serving his country in Viet Nam.

You see this young man is not quite sure of his choice of church affiliation. Although we mail him Christian literature, he is trying to find a church home where he feels at ease and accepted as a good citizen and Christian worker.

It's embarrassing to have this young man know that my church's bishop tolerates a program of teaching and encouraging young men how to beat the draft, at the same time he is in Viet Nam in the name of the USA to defend the rights of a free people.

My church shows a left-wing political



"How soon are you going in the house, Mister?"

trend. It's being turned toward social and political platitudes. These actions by churchmen in high places just could be part of the reason why young people are leaving the church's confines. It could be the reason The United Methodist Church is losing members both old and young. Our church attendance is off 50 percent from last year. Why?

## Sierra Leone Article 'Excellent'

JOHN F. SCHAEFER  
Assoc. Gen. Sec., World Division  
United Methodist Board of Missions  
New York, N.Y.

May I express my appreciation for the excellent article on the mission program in Sierra Leone which appeared recently in *TOGETHER*. [See *The Brethren Felt an 'Obligation . . .'* February, page 35.]

Those of us who are former Evangelical United Brethren are very grateful to you for this generous pictorial review of one of our overseas areas where we have had a long and fruitful relationship. I am confident that the former Evangelical United Brethren Church folk will be delighted to view the pictures and that the former Methodist Church readers will be pleased to learn something about the overseas work inherited through union.

## More on Flowers, Colors Please

MRS. GEORGE PARTRIDGE  
Granger, Ind.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! for the interesting article *Altar Flowers . . . These Are More Than Decoration* [March, page 1].

I have long been an advocate of the flowers' message in the church. Please bring us more of these articles on flowers and also on the use of liturgical colors in the church.

## Not In Vain, Surely

MRS. GWEN NORTON  
Hawthorne, Nev.

We liked the cover of the February issue very much. Our congratulations to Don Wilson, the young artist. We predict his style will be copied—with pleasure.

I am still thinking about the January issue, though, and about Professor Allen J. Moore's article which said how little worthwhile is accomplished in church school. [See *The Future Is Upon Us*, January, page 28.] I can't help thinking (if he is right) how much good, sincere, and loving effort has been wasted by the lowliest of teachers through the ranks to the Nashville workers. I just can't believe he is right.

Though much is left to be desired too often, perhaps, surely good has come from our Christian education efforts. The work does require home



co-operation, and I don't believe any church-school worker ever said or thought that what was done in the church school compared to home training. We have tried to enlist teachers who were in love with children and who taught creatively. Surely the program of our church for its young has not been in vain.

### Letters Indicate Trouble

JOSEPH W. ADAMS, *Pastor*  
The United Methodist Church  
Jellico, Tenn.

First let me compliment you, and other United Methodist editors, in regard to our fine publications. As a United Methodist minister, I am quite proud of them.

What disturbs me, however, is the spirit revealed by about 50 percent of the letters to the editor. (I had put off writing this until I saw some of the letters in *TOGETHER's* March issue.) If the letters I read in our publications are truly representative of the mentality of our local churches, we are in trouble. It would appear that over 50 percent of United Methodists are of a reactionary-conservative nature. They are status quo seekers. They have their heads in the sand. They seek peace and contentment and security in their religion. They do not want to be disturbed by reality.

These letters are characterized by fear and distrust of change and fear of new ideas, especially theological ideas. (At least the writers seem to fear any intellectual search outside of orthodoxy and/or fundamentalism.) One gets the impression from reading the letters that most United Methodists in this country think of their religion in purely white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant terms, that many "active" United Methodists are biblically, theologically, and socially ignorant, and that many United Methodists have a rural-agrarian mind-set which would have us march backwards with flags flying, even though the future calls.

### 'No Message of Salvation'

T. J. OSGOOD, *Pastor*  
Clymers-Webb Chapel United  
Methodist Charge  
Loganport, Ind.

As a minister completing his second appointment, I want to thank you for sending me your magazine. It has an attractive format and many interesting articles—most of them even religious, but not definitely Christian. I can hardly see how anyone would be confronted with the Christian message of salvation in Christ by reading this magazine. As of now, I would not ask the people in my church to take *TOGETHER* over such Christian magazines as *Christian Life*

## where are you going?

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# Church on the MOVE

By JUDY MILLER

ON Christmas Eve, 1958, the people of Garrison, Kan., watched their Methodist church move out of town. Its destination was Manhattan, a city of 30,000 people, 19 miles down the Blue Valley.

Garrison was in an area that was to be flooded by Tuttle Creek Reservoir. At first, people of the little community had little hope of saving their church, but finally their desire to save the only church home they knew, combined with Manhattan's need for another Methodist church, convinced the district superintendent that moving the Garrison building was the answer.

It was not a simple project. It took eight months of bulldozing roads through fields, and cutting trees and power lines, to bring the 65 by 75-foot building to its new home unharmed. Today, however, the old Garrison church is the worship center for a new congregation of about 400—and a link with the past for Blue Valley families now settled near Manhattan.

The building's history goes back to the late 1930s, when a carpenter-preacher was appointed to serve Garrison. The congregation's original building had burned in 1936, and the new minister began a rebuilding campaign. Drawing up the plans himself, he gathered material from neighboring communities where buildings had been razed and enlisted the help of every able-bodied citizen. He proved to be "a man who could overcome anything," in the words of parishioners. He even could "drive nails pretty well for a preacher."

To finance the building operation, the congregation held corn-husking bees, two-cent (a serving) suppers, and a big community sale day.

Getting windows appeared to be hopeless at first, church members re-

call: "But Mr. Green appointed a committee, and gradually we accumulated funds to pay for them. He was a real diplomat and could find his way around every snag we came up against."

So, finally, the church was completed, and the nail-driving preacher was transferred to a nearby town. The congregation had four more ministers, and the church building rang with hymn sings, church suppers, and rummage sales before its time in Garrison ran out. In fact, the Methodist church, standing in the center of the town, served as the meeting place for the whole community.

Then, in 1957, the community learned that the reservoir planned for Blue Valley would flood their homes and farmlands. Like anybody threatened with loss of home and everything familiar, they fought back. A busload of valley women, "The Blue Valley Belles," even traveled to Washington to protest building of the dam. But the day came when all buildings and property, including the church, were sold to the Army Corps of Engineers.

During the summer of 1958, the Rev. Walter Green returned to preach the final sermons to the remaining townspeople. In August, people from 25 neighboring towns gathered to say good-bye to the church building and to valley life in a special memorial service. Mr. Green continued to come to preach to the little group that remained during the fall.

As the Garrison congregation was holding these last services, a new congregation with no roof over its head was holding its first services in a newly developed part of Manhattan. It was then that the idea of moving the Garrison structure was proposed. During the fall months, it was moved off its foundation and prepared for

the trip. On the day before Christmas the truck started down the road.

"I remember," said a member, "the whole town came to see the church get started—Christmas Eve turkey in the oven or not." Bad weather a few days later halted the journey, and the building remained in a farmer's field for about two months.

Members, concerned about its condition, checked on it by climbing in the chimney opening. With the coming of spring weather, the structure was moved on to its designated home on a five-acre plot at the outskirts of Manhattan.

The sturdy little building made the trip in perfect shape. But now came the job of furnishing the basement that had been dug for it, and of remodeling the building itself. Blue Valley people who were relocated in Manhattan pitched in with members of the new congregation to build cabinets, tile floors, and paint walls.

Today the renewed church is named Blue Valley Memorial United Methodist Church, to memorialize the whole valley, and the street running by it is Church Street. The first service was held in August, 1959.

In addition to Blue Valley families and people in the surrounding neighborhood, students from nearby Kansas State University today look to the Blue Valley Memorial Church for spiritual guidance. A new educational unit has been added, and the congregation has entered into a series of co-operative ventures with Manhattan's other two United Methodist churches to strengthen their ministry to the entire community.

A former Garrison member says when she dreams of the Blue Valley, her dreams are centered around the church and getting it ready to move. Move it did, to involve its people in a wider ministry in a new place. □



and *Christian Herald*. Most of our people need to be brought to Christ before they can become constructively involved in social affairs. (There is a difference in giving a cup of cold water and giving a cup of cold water in the name of Jesus.)

Don't get me wrong. I am concerned with the whole man—mental, physical, spiritual, social. But in Scripture, and in Methodism, the emphasis always has been on the eternal life over and above this temporary life that we used to call "the pilgrim land." I think Christians need to have a broad view of life, and this certainly includes modern art, Viet Nam, science, and so forth. But if we must choose between this and the message of salvation, I take the latter.

I grew up in the former Methodist Church without missing a week of Sunday school or church—and never knew Christ or heard anyone else testify that they did. I was graduated from a Methodist-related college and still never was confronted with the message of salvation. You can give The United Methodist Church a magazine which can correct a lot of this.

### Room for Diversity

ESTHER M. CLEMENT  
Boston, Mass.

The February issue, with four letters denouncing the December cover picture sent me scurrying for that issue. I could not recall that "insulting," "almost sacrilegious," "first-grade level," "just plain ugly" cover. Dare I admit now that I find it lovely?

Although I always cringe at the bitterness in such letters, you grant these writers the same freedom of expression as you do the respective painters or authors, as the case may be. I am grateful that, even within Christianity, there is room for diversity of ideas and opinions. How much that is fine and good, though new and different, we would miss if we were limited to the old!

### Change Needed for Growth

FLOYD M. HENDERSON  
Lawrence, Kans.

My wife and I are graduates of Nebraska Wesleyan University now pursuing graduate work at the University of Kansas. After reading the letters concerning your *Madonna and Child* cover, we decided to voice our opinion and the views of our friends and many other young Christians.

Every time we hear the "little ole ladies" or ultraconservatives raise their absurd objections to everything new in life, especially in church matters, we cringe. And yet we feel sorry for today's church and the abuses it endures. These well-intentioned people

are driving young people away from the church completely, or at best leaving them unconcerned and uninvolved.

A church needs constant change to grow and keep young people active and hopeful for the future. It should be a place where their views can be heard and accepted, not scoffed at or rebuked. We will be tomorrow's leaders, and we do not enjoy living in the past. Our Christianity is vital and alive and must be expressed in today's language and modes.

Modern music, art, and literature exemplify a young Christian's outlook. Works of the past are fine and beautiful, but must they always dominate? Must today's works be sidelined because they offend the traditional outlook and represent something new?

### Poetic Imagery in Painting

RICHARD P. JAMESON, Pastor  
Clifton United Methodist Church  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I was amazed by the letters criticizing the 1968 December cover picture, *Madonna and Child*, by Richard Bauer. The biblical accounts of the birth of Christ overflow with poetic images of wonder, as does Mr. Bauer's painting.

Deliver us from the literal, pastel, sentimental nonart that has plagued the church for years.

### That Is Life—Without Christ

MRS. JAMES K. MILLER  
Shipshewana, Ind.

I cannot miss the opportunity to express some thoughts concerning Sherry Smith's *How Do I Live?* [January, page 50]. All that she has conveyed in this poem is how life actually is today—without Christ! Surely all that she makes clear, to me, at least, is how things are and will be until Christ comes again to take all believers home. Without Jesus in my life, all else points to instability and insecurity.

Thanks for many fine and informative articles in *TOGETHER*.

### She's Finding 'Happy Moments'

MRS. LEE F. SMITH  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I liked very much C. Willard Fetter's *Trust the Happy Moments* [February, page 33]. I thought of all the happy moments the past months and started telling people about them.

The publication of my article on Christmas recollections pleased me although I received no payment for it. Getting my Bible directory printed, after working on it four years, gave me satisfaction. And I was happy just yesterday when a little neighbor boy was brought home from school early because of icy streets, and he came to



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#### MISCELLANEOUS

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my door because his mother was not home. I gave him lunch, and later his brother came, wanting to see where the first boy had been, so I gave him pop. Having the youngsters around made me happy as I love them.

Other happy moments came when my daughter and her husband picked up my husband and brought him home because of the ice. One friend wrote to say she missed me at the church Bible class, and another called to invite me to her home when she is hostess.

I am grateful for many things, but I do think and worry about unpleasant things. Thanks to Mr. Fetter's article, I shall try more and more to trust, to think of, and talk of "the happy moments."

### Are We Afraid to Listen?

MRS. RICHARD AHART  
Acton, Mass.

After reading the March *Letters* responding to *A Student's View of Christianity* [January, page 47], I am amazed at the people who equate 19th-century Americanism with Christianity.

What would some call a long-haired, bearded, sandaled man who went about breaking traditions and preaching against the established rules of the day? One such individual is known by the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

Let's not forget that those who wanted him dead did so because he rocked the boat. If most of us met Jesus today, dressed in modern clothes, and listened to him, we not only would fail to recognize him, we probably would have him pegged as a mental case.

Why can't we listen to others? Are we too afraid? Will we continue to play the Pharisee?

### Student's View Buttressed

JOHN F. REEVES  
Palo Alto, Calif.

I was pleased to see that, when you printed my letter in the March issue [*What About the Language Gap?* page 66], you also published another expressing an opposite view about the young and the church. No better support for my position could be found. Unfortunately, I'm afraid that those who agreed with the other letter writer will not recognize how powerfully he buttressed the arguments of Stephen Griffith's article, *A Student's View of Christianity*.

In reading the other March letter I gather the author is soundly "agin" anyone who is not a practicing Christian in a manner like unto himself, that he thinks the church is above criticism, and that all who differ with him are agents of satan.

I recently became an apostate United

Methodist in part because of hearing such views expressed by many. Despite the best efforts of *TOGETHER*, the church is becoming impossible for a person who feels even slight compassion for his fellowman.

### Many Feel Otherwise

CARL B. RIFE and  
HOWARD A. KERSTETTER, *Pastors*  
Grace United Methodist Church  
Lemoyne, Pa.

We wish to commend you on your fine magazine and your earnest attempt to relate the Christian faith to all areas of life.

We were moved to write because we have discovered in the life of the church it is usually only those who are strongly against something that speak up. In so doing they exert an influence far in excess of their actual numbers. And we often wonder why the others, with a more positive outlook, do not express themselves.

After reading a number of negative, self-righteous, unloving letters to the editor, we felt we must let you know that for each of these letters there are many more persons who feel otherwise.

### Only One Objection

JOHN T. EVANS, JR.  
Northfield, Vt.

I was deeply moved by *How to Help a Friend in Sorrow* [February, page 26] by the Rev. R. C. Plant. Here was a universal experience shared from the author's heart because he wanted others to profit from those things which had made his sorrow almost unbearable. His suggestions came from the crucible of painful memories which he hopes to help others avoid. It was a helpful and timely article.

I felt only one objection to all that he wrote. It seemed to me that he missed the reason why people asked the seemingly obvious question about his wife during her terminal illness. I could not help feeling that those who inquired about his wife did so because they truly wanted to express their compassion and knew no other way. I could understand that it was so painful to him that he wished for their silence.

When Mr. Plant did make the announcement, stating that he would accept their silence "as the deepest and kindest expression of sympathy," they gladly responded. I am certain that this is the answer. Tell people what you expect and you will make it easier for them.

The average person never knows what to say. He has two choices: to ask an obvious question (but which leaves no doubt about his interest) or to say nothing (and wonder if the

other person understands why). It seems to me that when a question is asked, it deserves an answer:

"How is Mrs. So-and-so?"

"Not well . . . but I appreciate your interest. Thank you."

Even the so-called rough and crude people reveal tenderness toward someone undergoing such an experience. We should accept the compassion which people want to give as a bridge over the chasm of loneliness.

### Even Fumbling Efforts Help

NINA FISCHER  
Bowie, Md.

The article by R. C. Plant, *How to Help a Friend in Sorrow*, interested me.

I myself have experienced three nightmarish tragedies in my family, covering a span of less than six years for the three, and I can tell you that many persons who came to console us were not only at a loss for words but were shy and ill at ease. But these persons, because of their fumbling and embarrassment, endeared themselves to us even more!

We knew what it cost them to come, how indeed it was most difficult. And our hearts were warmed by their efforts. After all these years, when I reflect on that time, I find a smile covering my face and a depth of love for people everywhere who are unable to reach out in the fullness of their being as they would like to do.

I am reminded of Paul when he said one must plant, one must water, and one must reap. Those dear persons planted love and watered it then, and now these many years later I am reaping peace because they brought God to us in these dark hours.

Surely when the stranger, no matter his level of Christian faith, at least attempts to reach out when we need him, he has in a very real way brought God—as best he can—to another.

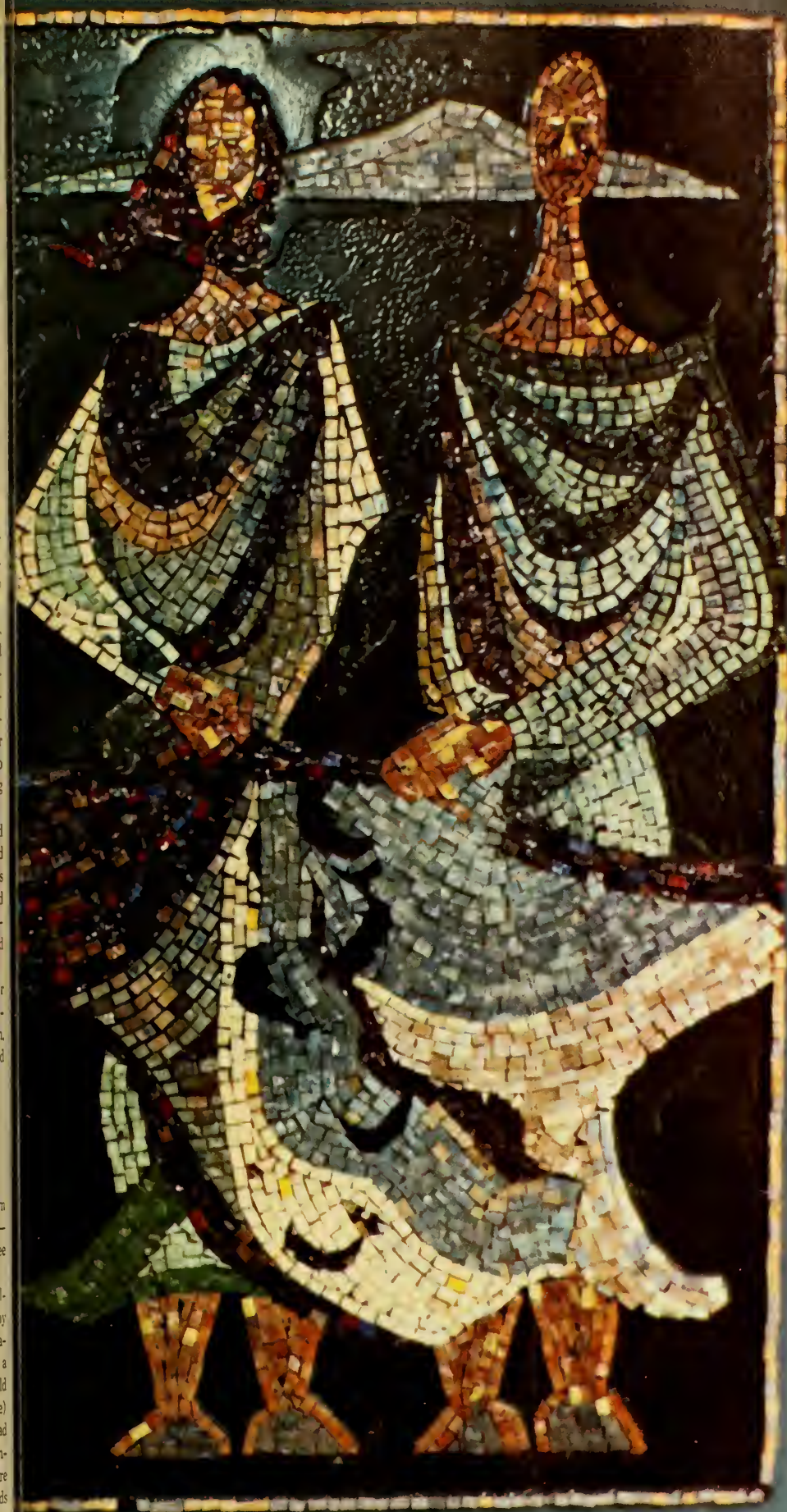
### Think What Money Could Do!

EVLYN K. STEWART  
Kissimmee, Fla.

I have just reread the letter from A. R. Mead entitled *Serve Buildings—or Others?* [January, page 73]. I agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Mead.

If the cost of our new church buildings could be cut in half, or even by a fourth, by use of less ornate decorations and architecture, think what a lot of this money could do for world service. The church (we, its people) would not be so deeply in debt, and the contributions which its loyal members give could then be used in more ways than one to raise the standards of living of many of the downtrodden, and at the same time show that we are real, not just so-called Christians.





◆ "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," said Jesus to Peter and Andrew. People going up and down the stairway between the sanctuary and the church school of First United Methodist Church in Coralville, Iowa, are reminded of Jesus' words by a brilliant-hued mosaic picture that hangs on the landing. The work of artist John Beardsley, who lived in Coralville, the mosaic was presented to the church in 1961 by Mrs. Edward D. Etheredge in memory of her late husband.

## The Fishers

*The Fishers. Byzantine and Venetian glass mosaic by John Beardsley. Size: 2 by 4 feet.*





*Polyphony. University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wis.*

# THE WORD IS BOLD

SCULPTOR Egon Weiner is a powerful and versatile artist, equally eloquent and successful whether the subject of his work is sacred or secular. For the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee he joined dart-shaped metal tongues to create *Polyphony*, which stands in front of the University Union. His *Pillar of Fire*, at the Chicago Fire Academy, marks the site where Chicago's historic fire is said to have started. For North Park College, also in Chicago, Weiner created *Learn of Me*, bronze figure of Christ twice as tall as a man, which stands in front of the college's Science Tower.

—Helen Johnson

UNLIKE some modern artists, Egon Weiner believes strongly that his work must communicate with people, and much of it is where it can be seen, touched, and felt without the beholder's needing to go into an art gallery.



He has created sculpture for churches, colleges, a labor union, the Chicago Fire Academy, Chicago's Midway Airport, the United States Embassy in Norway. His work has appeared in international exhibitions and has brought him many awards and honors. Vienna-born, he came to the United States in 1938, became a citizen in 1944. He is professor of sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago but currently is on sabbatical leave, traveling and writing a book. He has a deep philosophy and sense of piety, and he brings the richness of his own Jewish heritage equally to all his work, whether sacred or secular.



*Pillar of Fire. Chicago Fire Academy, Chicago, Ill.*





Learn of Me. North Park College, Chicago, Ill.





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\*For memberships outside the United States, the membership dues are \$3.00 for one year.



TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

# New Jersey Area

BISHOP

Prince A. Taylor, Jr.

EDITOR

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Kingston, N.J. 08528

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 5

SUPPLEMENT TO TOGETHER

MAY, 1969

## NJ Churches Honor 900 TANE-Agers



Enjoying get-acquainted breakfast at Princeton church are teen-ager Linda Norton and TANE-Agers Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kurz, while Mrs. Robert Simpson pours coffee. A joint Sunday school class for 20 followed.



Retired jeweler Walter Mersfelder inspects mold for gold pins he designs and presents to 50-year members of his congregation, Springfield-Emanuel. He joined Emanuel 57 years ago and is on Membership Commission.

Many churches recognize their senior members on special Sundays, listing their names in the bulletin or parish paper, and perhaps presenting tokens of respect.

This month 52 such churches have sent their lists of members over 50 years to TANE (TOGETHER Area News Edition)—an awesome total of 921 names representing 53,000 years of service! We are happy to publish, as we promised, "as many as space permits," and to join in a salute to all of them as our TANE-Agers of 1969!

At the same time we commend pastors, church secretaries, membership secretaries and "just plain relatives" who noticed our invitation, first offered three months ago, and found the records in good order.

Admittedly there may be small merit in just staying alive and some names, say our correspondents, are just names. They could have been taken off the rolls years ago.

But many are "saints," enduring building campaigns, numerous changes of pastors, altered rituals, spiritual struggles, and stifled doubts. To these, unidentified as they may be, we pay tribute. From them may we learn the art of growing older graciously!

Mrs. Jacob VanGilder became a member of Wharton church, NNJ, in 1889, 80 years ago.

(Continued on page A-4)

## MYFers More Than 'Measure Up' to Past

If the young people of our New Jersey churches are any less alert, imaginative, and dedicated than the past generation, we must be out of our tree.

For sizing up the current crises and sensing the relevance of our faith, give us the "people under thirty."

At Passaic, for instance, 75 of them spent a weekend with the Rev. Samuel Akesson—UN diplomat and minister—studying Afro-American culture and life in Ghana.

It was like *The West Side Story* at Ocean City a few days back. Pastor Charles Wilcock hauled 60 Philadelphia ghetto church lads in to stage a mock gang fight in front of his Sunday congregation. At a church dinner following the boys were divided among the tables, and described life in the city. By the time Dr. Eugene L. Smith had been added to this Fund for Reconciliation promotion the people overpledged their goal by \$2,000.

How far off-Broadway can they get? Red Bank youth put on *The Skin of Our Teeth* (to raise money, naturally). St. John's, Turnersville, brushed up on their British and came forth with *Oliver!*

As we said, all these may not be as

exciting as hay rides, box suppers, and strawberry festivals, but we kinda like them better. Don't worry, honored TANE-Agers; the teen-agers will "measure up."

### THE BISHOP SPEAKS

## The Wider Dimension

Despite the rapid social change which is being universally experienced, the family still remains as the primary social unit. And stable family life in which there are experiences of happiness, love, and the spirit of adventure is a most immediate necessity.

It is not enough to make studies of family relations and the generation gap, or to observe the impact of an industrialized and space-age society on the modern home. We must devise ways in which family harmony and co-operation can be achieved. We spend much time highlighting the alarming divorce rate and increasing incompatibility, but too little time in search of the answers.

There are many problems in general which the family faces today, and each family has its own individual ones. Different situations demand different approaches. What every family needs, however, are bonds of love and faith that will survive whatever calamities might befall it.

This is a dimension which comes through the recognition of the Fatherhood of God and our common unity to all mankind. And in such relationship, what we desire for ourselves, we desire for the world-wide community.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.







Mr. Perry



Mrs. Struchen



Mr. Gregory



Mr. Riley

After completing a translation of the N.T. into Mazahua (Mexican Indian), Miss Pat Hamric, linguist with Wycliffe translators, didn't get long to rest before she was telling Pitman and Turnersville women about "A Visit to Mexico."

For being the only cherub choristers to make it through a snowstorm to sing at Bloomingdale's early service Lisa Swanson and Denise Mabie are hereby nominated to the Order of St. Bernard.

Since Bloomfield's Watsessing Church opened its Teen-Age Youth Center, vandalism is kaput, the Rev. Theodore Perry was told by mayor and council, who happily honored pastor and people.

George Satterlee, Millville First layman, is director of nationally famed Nabb-Leslie American Legion Quartet and chorus.

Author-minister-teacher Jeanette (Mrs. Donald E.) Struchen found out people liked her *Prayers to Pray Without Really Trying*, so has written a sequel, *Prayers to Pray Wherever You Are*. She lives in Midland Park. Lippincott—Philadelphia and New York—is publisher.

Administrative board secretary Naomi McGregor of Red Bank has as her hobby minerals. A recent scientific volume quotes her on their preservation.

W. T. Grant Co. in Philadelphia, has honored George Koehler, of Camden's Bethel Church for 25 years service, giving him a watch.

Drew's student-run Academic Forum featured comedian-civil rights activist Dick Gregory March 6. Mr. Gregory was Peace and Freedom Party presidential candidate in November.

RELAY staffer Howard Remaly did the predictable in protesting Nyack School Board's exclusion of folk singer Pete Seegar: He wrote to the paper. This got results: Two other boards invited Mr. Seegar, and Mr. Remaly's church got a check from a prophet-proud local citizen.

At their 50-year celebration dinner, North Jersey's Goodwill Industries heard famed therapist Dr. Henry Kessler speak.

When the Rev. Norman Riley received a Citizenship Award from Jewish service club B'nai B'rith, Roman Catholic congressman James Howard was the main speaker.

Highland Park, Trinity's layman Thomas G. Kurtz has written *Humble Verses from My Heart to Yours*, a collection of 75 poems with moods ranging from sentimental to humorous.

## New Protestant Hour Appeals to Youth



Dr. Goodrich



Norma Zimmer

New Jersey United Methodists can now hear *The Protestant Hour* (Methodist series through June 8) on four New Jersey radio stations. And they likely will, as the popular guitar duo, Dust and Ashes (Tom Page and Jim Moore), and Norma Zimmer, ABC-TV singer with Lawrence Welk, are "regulars," balancing off the experienced Dr. Robert Goodrich of Dallas, Texas.

Among the 550 stations around the world:

East Orange, WFMU FM, Sundays, 12 noon.

Rio Grande, WRIO, Sundays, 7:02 a.m.

Wildwood, WCMC, Sundays, 10:30 p.m.

Zarephath, WAWZ, Fridays, 1:30 p.m.

## You Said It!

"There can be no substitute for an inspiring, competent teacher who is himself grounded in virtues that are worth emulating."—Dr. Charles R. Smyth

Headmaster, Pennington School

"This appeal for loyalty is based on a need not so much for the success of church attendance, but on my need to measure myself as a Christian."

—Paul Miller

Layman, Millville First Church

"Lasting renewal will depend upon the Inner Renewal of the individual."

—Dr. Elmer B. Bostock

Pastor, Ridgewood, NNJ

"The going and growing power of the church's program is in direct proportion to the solidity of its members' stewardship." —the Rev. M. S. Torgersen, Jr.

Pastor, New Providence, NNJ

"Those very persons who have the greatest difficulty distinguishing between Almighty God and the U.S.A. are usually the same ones who decry the entrance of religious faith into the arena of social concern."

—the Rev. Edward J. Wynne, Jr.  
Pastor, Bernardsville

## Area Leaders Mourn Africa Plot Victim

When Dr. Eduardo Mondlane of Mozambique was assassinated, the whole of Africa reeled under the blow, and the shock waves reached this country.

Patriot leader of FRELIMO attempting to break the hold of Portugal from East Africa, and wisely holding in control the vying parties with communist or Western leanings, Dr. Mondlane led a precarious existence of training, challenge, and guerrilla efforts until a bomb, disguised as a birthday gift, destroyed him.

Dr. Eugene L. Smith compared his loss to that of Dr. Martin Luther King. Dr. Tracey K. Jones and Dr. Eugene Blake lamented the fall of a black, Christian genius.

## COLLEGE FAITH CONFAB



At Centenary College for Women, Methodist-related school at Hackettstown, a chapel program on religious differences is planned by, l. to r.: Catholic, Marie Miller; Jewish, Beth Schwartz; and Protestant, Elaine Tuttle.

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# Elizabeth: For God's Voice No Language Barrier

Whether you hold with Cicero that "the voice of the people is the voice of God" or suspect, as did Charlemagne's skeptic teacher, Alcuin, that it is "near to madness," you can find lots of people who will agree with you.



Dr. Watt

TANE's editor questions whether the majority is always right, but he affirms that the minority is always important.

This fourth of a series of articles on Great Cities of New Jersey documents a conviction that the voice of God may speak an unfamiliar language, but must be obeyed if the church would survive to serve.

Three centuries have passed since Elizabethtown (named for the wife of George Carteret) became the first English-speaking settlement in New Jersey. "Bestytowners" witnessed the first General Assembly in 1668, the first New Jersey college in 1746. They survived the burning of their village by the British, and prospered as farmers, tanners, and traders. With the help of immigrants from every European country they built the city of Elizabeth. Their descendants now number more than 115,000.

In 1785 Bishop Asbury missed the stage-coach and had to walk six miles into town (arriving possibly late) yet preached in a Presbyterian church (probably over-time.)

Of our earliest churches Elizabeth Avenue and St. Paul's combined in 1876 to form St. James. Current pastor is the Rev. Thos. Cruddas. Nearly half its 339 members reside out of town but it is seeking ways to renew its mission to the central city.

Epworth (1901) is a solid congregation



When Calvary-Holy Trinity pastor Leo Schneider invites worshippers to pray at the altar after each service, the prayers may be whispered in Italian, German or Spanish—as well as English.



On the Court House Cicero's phrase "VOX POPULI VOX DEI"—"the voice of the people is the voice of God"—is as daring and dangerous in 20th-century America as it was for Rome in the 1st century B.C.

## ELIZABETH—1969

**"The voice of God is calling  
Its summons unto men;  
As once He spake in Zion,  
So now He speaks again. . . ."**

of 324 demonstrating growing social concern. Its pastor is the Rev. Raymond Rousset.

Calvary-Holy Trinity continues the "faith-line" of First German (1853), First Methodist Protestant (1891), and Holy Trinity Italian mission (1920). District Superintendent George Watt, Jr., suggests that with Spanish-speaking members coming through the efforts of its ministers, Leopold F. Schneider, Jr., and Arturo



Chemical plant in Elizabeth's vast industrial complex. The hum of machinery is one "voice of America" that is understood—and feared—throughout the world.

Generations who worshiped here before her spoke Italian and English, and left many symbols of their devotion. But this Puerto Rican girl finds a welcome and many friends in Holy Trinity, where the Rev. Arturo Smester is "Spanish" associate.



Smester, it may comprise the most successful language integration presently in the conference.

Park Church (from St. Paul's in 1875) has "renewed its youth" by ministering to the black community. Pastor Gary Culp is drawing the people of several suburbs into its growing program.



In mid-town St. James has tough assignment: to modulate from "Standing on the corner . . ." to "Where cross the crowded ways."



Newest United Methodist building in Elizabeth is Epworth's Memorial Hall, which is an aid to retaining steady membership.



Jack Gilbert, Drew student assistant to Park's pastor Gary Culp, checks tutoring by Mrs. A. Phillips and Debbie Goldstein.



## TANE-AGERS

(Continued from page A-1)

Mrs. Mazie Fry, a member at Phillipsburg for 75 years, is 103 years old.

In 1890 Mrs. Minnie Cook joined the Butler, NNJ, church, and Mrs. Jennie King joined the Springfield-Emanuel, NNJ church.

Only reported member of the Class of 1891 is Miss Martha Cunard, of Almonesson in southern New Jersey.

Three have been members for 77 years: Susan G. Blackford at St. James, Elizabeth; Miss Lillie Ann Huff at Milltown; and Mrs. Frank Mott at Vernon.

Frenchtown honors Clarence B. Fargo, and Butler honors Mrs. Ella Ricker, each a churchmember for 76 years.

Churches and their 75-year members are: Caldwell—Mrs. David F. Carr; Millville First—Adelia Cossaboon, Alina Curless, Jessie Smith, Mabel Tozer, Mabel VanHook; Moorestown—Miss Jeanette Wonderland; Old Bridge—Mrs. Catherine VanHise; Phillipsburg—Mrs. Mazie Fry; and Warton—Mrs. John Waters.

### CLASS OF 1895

Mrs. Elizabeth Branin, Maude Loper, Verna Schock, Mrs. Cora Sebald, Mrs. Jessie S. Vannoy, Lillian Wade.

### CLASS OF 1896

Emly Apgar, Miss Daisy Burtt, Mabel Haines, Bessie Hampton, Edna Hand, Mabel Hoffman, Mary Lee, Miss Lydia Carrie Nuse, Mrs. Ella Stryker.

### CLASS OF 1897

Mrs. Edna Allen, Mrs. Ella DeBow, Mabel Dunn, Mrs. Lou Dyer, John Fry, John W. Lowden, Mrs. Ada Ricker.

### CLASS OF 1898

Mrs. Jennie Earles Lewis, Helen Platt.

### CLASS OF 1899

Miss Edna Ambrose, Miss Elizabeth R. Clemmer, Mrs. Violet Day, Caroline Fenwick, Miss Dorothy Harkins, Miss Carrie I. Hoole, Walter R. Large, Mrs. Belle Little, Miss Mabel Masters, Mrs. Josephine Miller, Carleton C. Perine, Mrs. DeWitt T. Rendell, Arthur Rishards, Harry W. Ricker, Lizzie Sloat, Miss Mary Wonderland.

## IT'S IN THE BOOK



In her home in Wharton, N.J., Mrs. Jacob VanGilder is shown by pastor Norman W. Walz the very page on which her name was inscribed in 1889. Mrs. Fred Honeychurch is in charge of the membership records.

## Variety Marks Tribute To Golden Age Members

Many parishes show imagination as well as thoughtfulness in honoring their pioneer folk. Calvary in East Orange notes new 50-year members on Pentecost Sunday. South Vineland had them as guests for the centennial dinner. Springfield-Emanuel presents gold pins with a cross or praying hands. Numerous congregations read their names in the Sunday bulletin or parish paper.

The private tributes of pastors, daughters, and friends added to the lists to TANE include: "Active and faithful," "very proud," and "a fine way to show honor." One lay leader noted his list was all women: "It doesn't say much for us men."

Millville First felt its total of 82 might be the area's largest. (It is.)

TANE's editor suggests some additional ways to thank these people for their years of faithfulness. We might find significant tasks they can perform. (For years he took the bulletins to shut-ins for Saturday night folding.) When the aged one is poor and economy bays to cut the rolls, let names be "covered"—anonymously.

## Honor Roll Churches

By forwarding lists to the area office of public relations the following churches honor this month their members enrolled for 50 years or more:

Allentown	Calvary	Midvale	Phillipsburg
Almonesson	Elizabeth, Epworth	Milltown	Point Pleasant
Arlington	Elizabeth, St. James	Millville, First	Port Morris
(Kearny)	Englewood, First	Millville, Second	Richwood
Audubon	Frenchtown	Moorestown	Ridgefield Park
Beach Haven	Green Village	Mount Horeb	Rockaway Valley
Belvidere	Haddonfield	New Gretna	Roseland
Bridgeton, Trinity	Hasbrouck Heights	Nyack, N.Y.	Sparrowbush, N.Y.
Bridgeton,	Linden	Ocean City	Springfield-
West Park	Linvale	Old Bridge	Emanuel
Butler	Lyndhurst	Orange	South Vineland
Caldwell	Manahawkin	Parsippany	Trenton, First
Cranford	Maplewood, Hilton	Pemberton	Vernon
East Orange,	Medford	Pennington	Wharton

NOTE: However much we would wish, it must be obvious that for the present we cannot correct by addition, subtraction, or altered spelling, the names of churches or members in subsequent issues of TANE.



At North Jersey's Arts Festival Barbara Rich applies paint to Paul Shelley for Caldwell's drama, and Pearl River's Sing'n Stringers



tune up. Other MYF groups were: Bayonne's Bergen Pt., Bloomingdale, St. Matthew's, Fairfield, and Ridgewood.

## Final TANE-Ager Tally

Though we haven't room to print them, their names "do not escape us." Thirteen have been members 69 years, nine for 68, and another nine for 67. Sixteen have been on Methodist rolls for 66 years, and 25 for 65 years.

Those who have been enrolled for from 61 to 64 years total 127 persons.

Including 48 "freshmen" who are just celebrating 50 years of Methodist membership this year, there are in the New Jersey Area more than 600 who can claim up to 60 years in the same church—or one that brought its records into that church.

Is there any other institution so inclusive of "bright youth and snow-crowned age?" If so, we'll join that, too.





